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CONCORD SERIES NO. 7



# 140 FOLK-SONGS

with Piano Accompaniment

ROTE SONGS  
FOR GRADES I, II AND III

Compiled and Edited  
for Use in School and Home

BY RICHARD T. DAVISON  
and THOMAS WHITNEY SURETT

H. C. KRAHNER PUBLISHING CO.  
1515 Locust Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mus 530.19.3

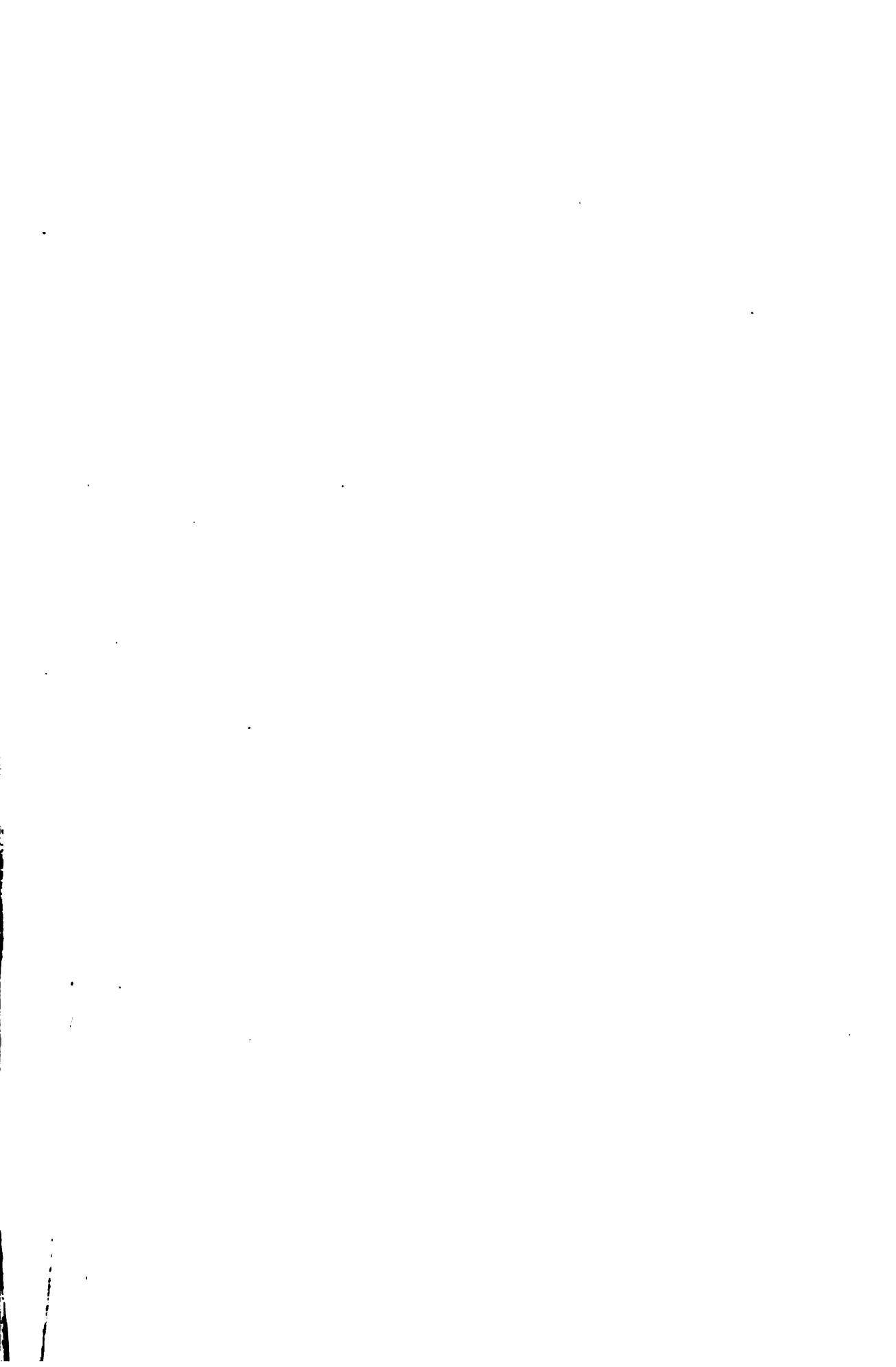
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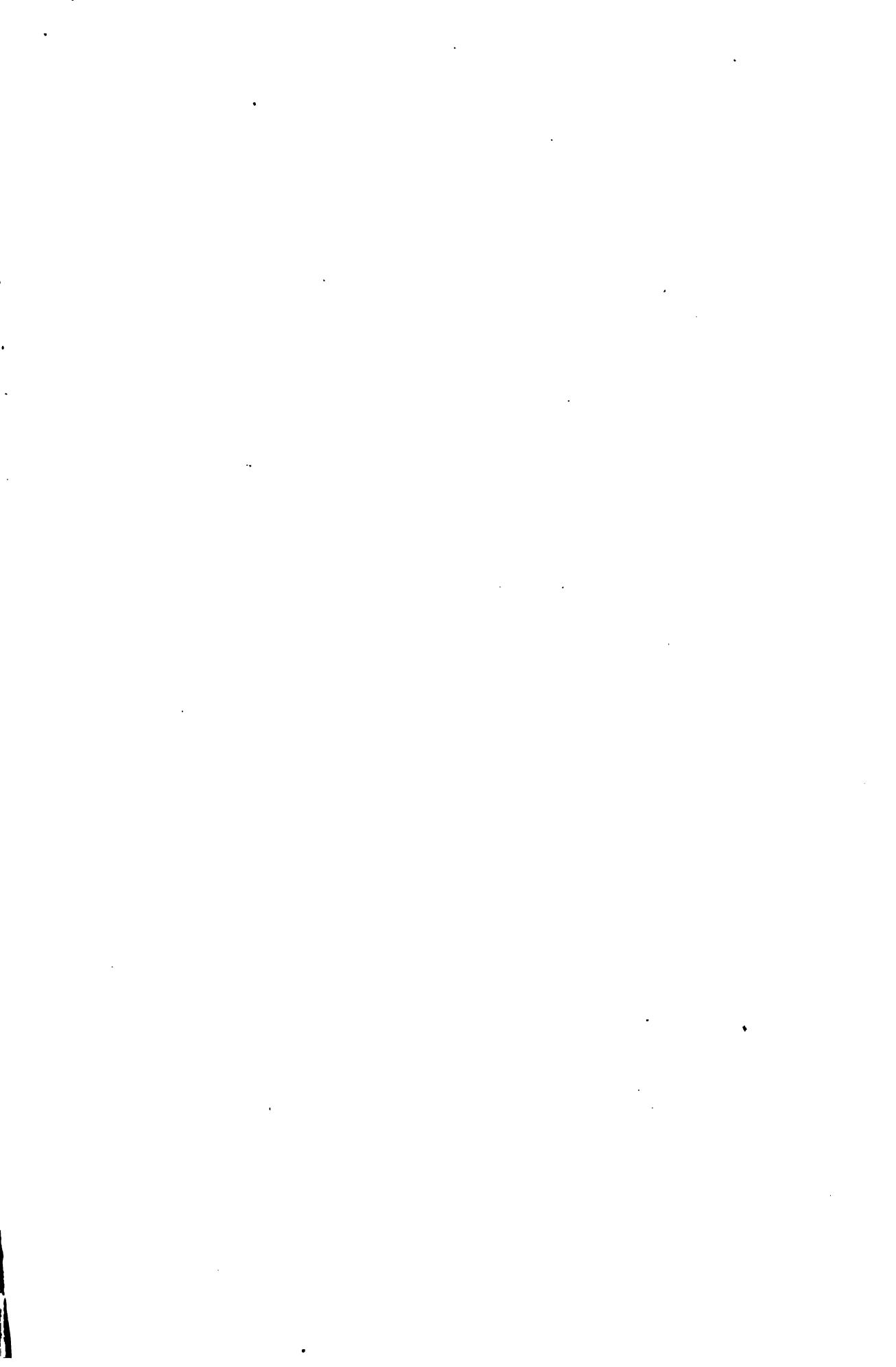
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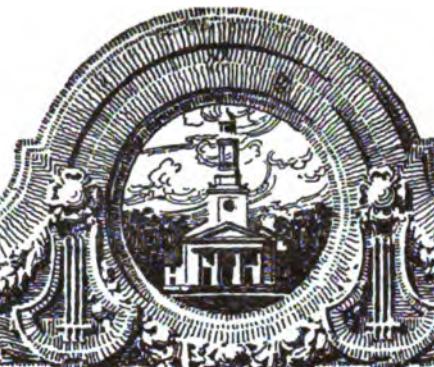
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# THE CONCORD SERIES

of Music and Books on the Teaching of Music  
Under the Editorship of

THOMAS WHITNEY SURETTE  
and  
DR. ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON

No. 7

## 140 FOLK-SONGS with piano accompaniment ["ROTE SONGS" FOR GRADES I, II AND III]

Compiled and Edited  
for use in school and home

by  
DR. ARCHIBALD T. DAVISON  
&  
THOMAS WHITNEY SURETTE

*New and Revised Edition*

E. C. SCHIRMER MUSIC CO.  
221 COLUMBUS AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS

Mus 530.19 .3

v



The CONCORD SERIES is an outcome of Mr. Surette's Summer School of Music established in Concord, Massachusetts in 1915.

The publications in this series comprise books of music for use in private and public schools, in homes, and for large and small groups of people who come together to sing.

The school books will include a complete series for use in all grades, from the kindergarten through to the high school; a Teacher's Manual; a hymnal for Sunday schools, day schools and homes; a book of marches for use in school, etc. The chief aim of these books is to provide the very best in music for every one, young and old.

## PREFACE

The songs in this volume have been selected for the purpose of awakening and cultivating in young children the taste for the best music. It is obvious that such actual experience of music should precede instruction about it, and it is believed that singing beautiful songs by ear during the early years will not only facilitate later instruction in reading music, but will serve as a preparation for the study of pianoforte playing, violin playing, etc.

When these songs are used in schools, children who are able to read the words, should be provided with the Book of Words (No. 3 A in the Concord Series). During the last half of the third year (Grade III) the children should be provided with Book No. 3 in the Concord Series, containing the melodies of the songs without accompaniments. Simple instructions for teaching these songs are contained in that book, in which will be found also a division of the songs according to school grades. A Teachers' Manual, with full directions for teachers, will be published shortly.

The folk-songs in this book were doubtless originally sung without accompaniments. It is desirable that children should become familiar with the beauty of these melodies, apart from any artificial support. Therefore in teaching them, no accompaniment should be used until the melodies are thoroughly learned.

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For All Countries**

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# 1. The Sparrow's Nest

Ah! vous dirai-je, maman

The Alphabet

English words by  
HOMER H. HARBOUR

Old French Song

In moderate time

Voices

1. Down a - mong the dai-sies white, Hid-den al-most  
 2. When the sun-set skies are red, Moth-er Spar-row  
 Ah! vous di - rai - je ma - man, Ce qui cas - se  
 A B C D E F G H I J K

Piano

out of sight, See the lit-tle spar-rows ly-ing,  
 sings o'er-head: "Bird-ies mine will soon be sleep-ing  
 mon tour-ment? Pa-pa vent que je rat-son-ze  
 L M N O P Q R S and T U V

For their din-ner loud-ly cry-ing; Moth-er's bu-sy  
 While your moth-er watch is keep-ing; She will guard you  
 comme u-ne gran-de per-son-ne; Moi je dis que  
 W(Dou-bl)e U and X Y Z. Now I've said my

poco rit.

as can be, Hunt-ing food e-nough for three.  
 all the night, Down a-mong the dai-sies white."  
 les box-bons Va-lent mieux que la rat-son-me.  
 A, B, C, Tell me what you think of me.

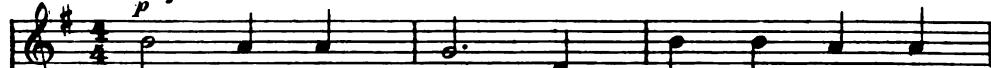
## 2. Sleep, baby, sleep

Anonymous

Slowly

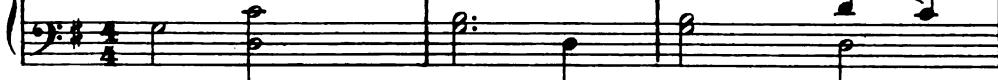
Old Song

Voices



1. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! Our cot - tage vale is  
2. Sleep, ba - by, sleep! I would not, would not

Piano



deep; The lit - tle lamb is on the green, With  
weep; The lit - tle lamb he nev - er cries; And



snow - y fleece so soft and clean; Sleep, ba - by, sleep.  
bright and hap - py are his eyes; Sleep, ba - by, sleep.

*p rit.**rit.*

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
Near where the woodbines creep;  
Be always like the lamb so mild.  
A sweet, and kind, and gentle child;  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
Thy rest shall angels keep;  
While on the grass the lamb shall feed,  
And never suffer want or need;  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

### 3. Lords and Ladies

#### Le Pont d'Avignon

English words by  
HOMER H. HARBOUR

Brightly

Old French Song

Voices

*mf*

1. In the bright can-dle light Danced the mer-ry lords and la-dies;  
1. Sur le pont d'A-vi-gnon, L'on y dan-se, l'on y dan-se;

In the bright can-dle light, Danced to mu-sic all the night.  
Sur le pont d'A-vi-gnon, L'on y dan-se tout en rond. Les

poco rit. D. C.

All the lords bowed this way,  
beaux mes-sieurs font comm' ça, And a - gain bowed this way.  
Et puis en - cor' comm' ça.  
poco rit. D. C.

2  
Ev'ry lord had a sword  
With a hilt of shining silver;  
Ev'ry fair lady there  
Wore a rosebud in her hair.  
Ladies fair bowed this way,  
And again bowed this way.

2  
Sur le pont d'Avignon,  
L'on y danse, l'on y danse;  
Sur le pont d'Avignon,  
L'on y danse tout en rond.  
Les belles dames font comm' ça,  
Et puis encor' font comm' ça.

\* This song may be divided between groups of children. Appropriate movements or gestures may be used to accompany the words 'All the Lords,' etc. The music of that part of the song should be sung more slowly and with free rhythm.

## 4. The Journey of the Leaves

HOMER H. HARBOUR

In moderate time

German Folk-song

Voices

1. "Come a - way," sang the river To the leaves on a fall - ing From the tree on the  
2. So the leaves gent - ly

Piano

tree; "Let me take you a jour-ney If the world you would see!"  
shore Flowed a - way on the riv - er To come home nev - er more.

## 5. The Little Boy and the Sheep

*La Bonne Aventure*

JANE TAYLOR

Rather slowly

Old French Song

Voices

1. La - zy sheep, pray tell me why In the pleas-ant fields you  
1. Je suis un pe-tit pon - pon de bel - le fi - gue -

Piano

lie, La - zy sheep, pray tell me why In the pleas - ant fields you  
re, Qui ai - me bien les bon - bons et les con - fi - tu -

lie, Eat-ing grass and dai-sies white, From the morn-ing till the  
res. Si vous vou - les m'en don - ner, Je sau - rai bien les man -

night; Ev -'ry - thing must some-thing do, but what kind of use are you?  
ger. La bon - ne a-ven-ture, oh, gail La bon - ne a-ven-tu - rel

2

||: Nay, my little master, nay,  
Do not serve me so, I pray; :||  
Don't you see the wool that grows  
On my back to make your clothes?  
Cold, ah, very cold you'd be,  
If you had not wool from me.

3

||: True it seems a pleasant thing  
Nipping daisies in the spring; :||  
But what chilly nights I pass  
On the cold and dewy grass;  
Pick my scanty dinner where  
All the ground is brown and bare.

4

||: Then the farmer comes at last,  
When the merry spring is past; :||  
Cuts my woolly fleece away  
For your coat in wintry day;  
Little master, this is why  
In the pleasant fields I lie.

2

*Lorsque les petits garçons  
Sont gentils et sages,  
On leur donne des bonbons,  
De jolies images.  
Mais quand ils se font gronder,  
C'est le fouet qu'il faut donner,  
La triste aventure,  
Oh! gail!*

*La triste aventure!*

3

*Je serai sage et bien bon,  
Pour plaire à ma mère,  
Je saurai bien ma leçon,  
Pour plaire à mon père;  
Je veux bien les contenter,  
Et s'ils veulent m'embrasser,  
La bonne aventure,  
Oh! gail!*

*La bonne aventure!*

The  
Children's  
Song Book

## 6. Who are you?

RICHARD COMPTON

Quickly

German Melody

Voices

*mf*

1. Good morn-ing, lit - tle yel - low bird, yel - low bird,  
2. My name is John-ny Vir - e - o, Vir - e - o,

Piano

*poco rit.*

yel - low bird; Good morn-ing, lit - tle yel - low bird, Who are you?  
Vir - e - o, My name is John-ny Vir - e - o, Who are you?  
*poco rit.*

## 7. My Pony

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

With spirit

German Folk-song

Voices

*mf.*

1. Hop, hop, hop! Reins I will not drop! Po-ny, you must  
2. Hop, hop, hop! From the long hill - top I have gal-lop'd

Piano

*f. poco rit.*

gal-lop fast-er, If you want to please your master; He'll not let you stop: Hop, hop, hop, hop, hop!  
fast and fast-er At the bid-ding of my mas-ter, Now I think I'll stop! Hop, hop, hop, hop, hop!

*poco rit.*

# 8. Good Pierrot

## Au clair de la lune

English version by  
NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

French Folk-song

Rather slowly

*mp*

The musical score consists of four systems of music. The first system shows the piano accompaniment and the beginning of the vocal line. The second system continues the piano and begins the vocal line. The third system continues the piano and begins the vocal line. The fourth system concludes the vocal line and ends with a piano postlude.

**Voices:**

1. Good Pier-rot, be - friend me In the moon-shine bright!  
1. Au clair de la lu - ne, Mon a - mi Pier - rot,

Your quill - pen, at - tend me So that I may write.  
Prê - te moi ta plu - me Pour é - crire un mot.

Blown out is my can - dle, My fire will not go;  
Ma chan-delle est mor - te, Je n'ai plus de feu;

Turn the big door han - dle, Let me in, Pier - rot!  
Ou - vre moi la por - te, Pour l'a - mour de Dieu.

**Piano:**

*poco rit.*

2

Moonbeams all things lighting,  
Pierrot crossly said:  
"I've no pen for writing,  
I am snug in bed;  
Go and ask your neighbor,  
Go to her instead;  
She is at her labor,  
Making loaves of bread."

2

*Au clair de la lune*  
*Pierrot répondit:*  
*Je n'ai pas de plume,*  
*Je suis dans mon lit.*  
*Va chez la voisine,*  
*Je crois qu'elle y est,*  
*Car dans sa cuisine,*  
*On bat le briquet.*

# 9. In May

RICHARD COMPTON

German Folk-song

**With spirit**

*mf*

**Voices**

1. In May, in May, in May,  
2. In May, in May, in May,  
3. In May, in May, in May,

**Piano**

mer - ry, mer - ry May, How gay and hap - py  
all the world is gay, When ap - ple trees are  
out of doors to play, When all the trees are

*poco rit.*

we shall be, Sing ho for love - ly May!  
ro - sy white, How wel - come mer - ry May!  
turn - ing green, O love - ly, love - ly May!  
*poco rit.*

# 10. The Nut-tree

Anonymous

Old Song

In moderate time

*mp*

**Voices**

1. I had a lit - tle nut - tree, Noth - ing would it bear  
 2. Her dress was all of crim - son, Coal black was her hair; She

**Piano**

*mp*

But a sil - ver nut - meg And a gold - en pear. The  
 ask'd me for my nut - tree And my gold - en pear. I

King of Spain's daugh - ter Came to vis - it me, And  
 said, "So fair a prin - cess Nev - er did I see, I'll

*poco rit.*

all — for the sake of my lit - tle nut - tree.  
 give to you the fruit of my lit - tle nut - tree."

*poco rit.*

# 11. If I were a bird

RICHARD COMPTON

German Folk-song

Rather slowly

Voices

1. If I a bird could be I should fly o'er the sea,  
2. High o'er the ocean blue I should go fly-ing thro'  
3. All a-long sum-mer's day, O-ver the seas a-way,

Piano

Far, far a-way.  
Clear blow-ing wind;  
Far would I roam;

'Mid snow-y clouds in aid,  
Leav-ing the ships be-low,  
But when the hour was late,

I should go rac-ing there Swift - er than they.  
Sail-ing a-long so slow, Far,— far be - hind.  
I should go fly-ing straight Back - to my home.

*poco rit.*

# 12. The Shepherdess

## Ramène tes moutons

English version by  
WILLIAM B. SNOW

Old French Song

Moderately fast

*Voices*

*Piano*

She who's fair-est in my sight, I'll pre - sent for your de - light.  
*La plus ai-mable à mon gré, Je vais vous la pré-sen-ter;*

Un-der Lon-don Bridge we'll send her, Lead - ing all her lamb-kins  
*Nous lui frons pas-ser bar - riè - re. Ra - mèn' les mou - tons, ber -*

ten-der; Shep-herd maid - en, lead them home, Home a - gain, no long - er roam.  
*gè - re, Ra - mèn', ra - mèn', ra - mèn', donc tes mou - tons A la mai - son.*

# 13. An Evening Song

HOMER H. HARBOUR

Old Lithuanian Song

Slowly

**Voices**

*p*

1. Dark thro' the for - est come the shad - ows creep - ing,  
 2. High o'er the tree - tops one bright star is beam - ing,  
 3. Bright - ly the flames are in the fire-place leap - ing,

**Piano**

*p*

**mf**

Cold o'er the hill - top goes the night wind sweep - ing;  
 Dew - drops of crys - tal on the flow - ers gleam - ing;  
 Swift - ly the sparks go up the chim - ney sweep - ing;

*mf*

**mp**

In their beds of moss and feath - er Lit - tle birds lie  
 Lambs are by their moth - ers ly - ing, In the dark - ness  
 When the light grows dim and dim - mer, Fad - ing to a

*mp*

warm to - geth - er; Ba - by should be sleep - ing.  
 bats are fly - ing; Ba - by should be dream - ing.  
 ti - ny glim - mer; Ba - by lies a - sleep - ing.

*rit.*

*p*

*pp*

## ✓ 14. Winter's Past

## MAY MORGAN

### **German Folk-song**

**Moderately fast**

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) in common time. The Soprano part features lyrics about a robin and May flowers. The Alto part provides harmonic support with sustained notes and eighth-note patterns. The Bass part provides harmonic support with sustained notes and eighth-note patterns. The vocal parts are separated by vertical bar lines, and the instrumental parts are grouped by a large brace on the left.

*poco rit.*

gentle showers  
look about,  
comes to-day

O - ver you are  
Soft the winds are  
From the south-land

fall - ing.  
sigh - ing.  
danc - ing.

*poco rit.*

# 15. The Pine Tree

Anonymous

German Folk-song

**Slowly**

**Voices**      *mf*

1. O moun-tain pine, O moun-tain pine, On high thou watch-est o'er us; O  
2. O moun-tain pine, O moun-tain pine, How faith-ful art thou ev - er. O

**Piano**      *mf*

moun-tain pine, O moun-tain pine, On high thou watch-est o'er us; A -  
moun-tain pine, O moun-tain pine, How faith-ful art thou ev - er. Thou

bout thy head the wild winds roar, But firm thou stand - est ev - er-more. O  
art as green in win-ter's snow As in the sum - mer's rich-est glow. O

*poco rit.*

moun-tain pine, O moun-tain pine, On high thou watch-est o'er us.  
moun-tain pine, O moun-tain pine, How faith-ful art thou ev - er.

*poco rit.*

# 16. When Fields are White

HOMER H. HARBOUR

With spirit

German Folk-song

Voices

1. In win - ter when the fields are white, and there's sun - ny  
 (2) reach'd the top: we've turn'd a-round; On our sleds we're  
 (3) aft - er-noon we climb and coast, Till the sun is

Piano

weath-er, We take our sleds and climb the hill, Boys and girls to -  
 ly - ing. A push, a shove, we're off, we're off, Down the slope we're  
 sink-ing, And one by one the stars come out, In the clear sky

geth - er. Up and up and up we go, O - ver ice and  
 fly - ing. "Clear the track! O - hol Look out! Ho - lul - lul - la -  
 winking. Then at last towards home we turn; Sup - per's hot and

o - ver snow, Laugh-ing all to - geth - er. geth - er. 2. We've  
 lo!" we shout, Thro' the wind a - fly - ing. fly - ing. 3. All  
 bright fires burn; Cheer - y lights are blink - ing.

rit. Fine D. S. rit. Fine D. S.

# 17. Winter, good-bye!

JOHN ERWIN

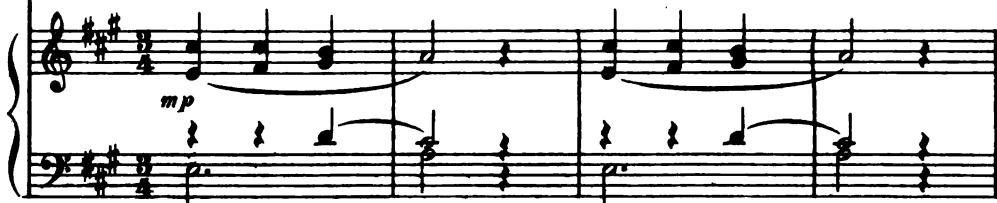
Rather slowly

German Folk-song

Voices



Piano



You have been jol - ly fun,      But now your stay is done.  
 We have had fun with you,      Coast-ing and sleigh-rides, too.  
 Back to his i - cy caves,      O - ver the fro - zen waves;



Blue is the sky,      Win - ter good - bye!  
 Now you must go,      Good - bye to snow!  
 Come, A - pril, come,      Drive win - ter home!  
*poco rit.*



# 18. Winter

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

Rather slowly

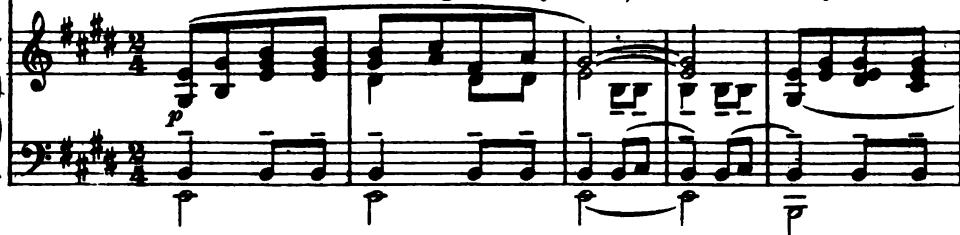
Bohemian Folk-song

Voices

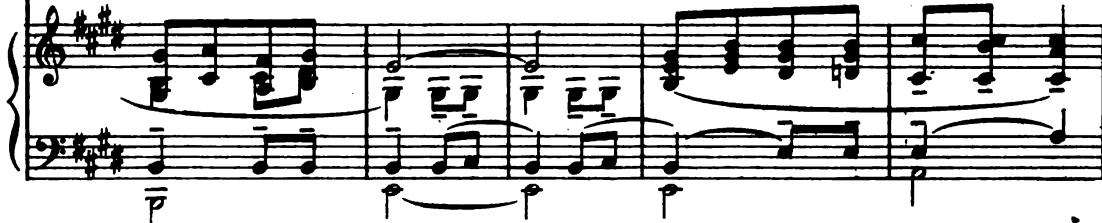


Not a green leaf  
Ro-sy buds are

Piano



Winds from i - cy re - gions blow,  
When the breath of Spring is felt



Down the hill-side drifts the snow; Crows and squirrels ask for scraps of bread;  
All the ice and snow will melt; Full of life the riv-er'll rise and flow;



*poco rit.*

One would think the riv-er fro-zен dead!  
There'll be food for squirrel and for crow!

*poco rit.*



\* The teacher is urged to prevent any irregularity in the beat during the pauses indicated by the rests. Strict time may be preserved by the use of some simple motion in the rhythm indicated by the small notes.

## 19. The Shower

MAY MORGAN

Rather slowly

German Folk-song

Voices

*mf*

1. The thunder is growl-ing, And dark grows the  
2. Soon down will come dash-ing The warm sum-mer

Piano

*poco rit.*

sky, Where fast-er and fast-er The storm clouds race by.  
rain, And dust-y brown mead-ows Grow green once a gain.

20. It Snows in the Night<sup>(\*)</sup>

HOMER H. HARBOUR

Slowly

Slavonic Folk-song

Voices

*mp*

1. Slow-ly the snow comes float-ing down, O - ver the roof-tops in the town,  
2. Gray comes the day-light dawn-ing clear; Clouds all are gone, the sun is here.

Piano

*poco rit.*

Down thro' the night with - out a sound, Turn- ing and whirl- ing to the ground.  
Oh, what a love - ly morn-ing blue Shines on a world made white and new.

*poco rit.*

<sup>(\*)</sup> This is a "modal" song, and the whole step between *F* and *G* in the last measure should be observed strictly.

# 21. The Nightingale

Anonymous

German Folk-song

Rather slowly

Voices

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is for 'Voices' and the bottom staff is for 'Piano'. The key signature is G major (one sharp). The tempo is marked 'Rather slowly' with a dynamic of  $\text{f}^{*) \text{mp}}$ . The vocal part contains two lines of lyrics:

1. Look at that beau - ti - ful sing - ing bird, Sing - ing up -  
2. No, my love, that is no night - in - gale, Some oth - er

The piano accompaniment consists of simple harmonic chords.

The musical score continues with two staves. The top staff is for 'Voices' and the bottom staff is for 'Piano'. The key signature remains G major. The tempo is marked  $m\acute{f}$ . The vocal part contains two lines of lyrics:

on the fir - tree. Sure - ly it must be the  
bird it must be; Night - in - gales sing on the

The piano accompaniment consists of simple harmonic chords.

The musical score concludes with two staves. The top staff is for 'Voices' and the bottom staff is for 'Piano'. The key signature remains G major. The tempo is marked *poco rit.*. The vocal part contains two lines of lyrics:

night - in - gale! What oth - er bird can - it - be?  
ha - zel boughs, Nev - er up - on a - fir - tree.

The piano accompaniment consists of simple harmonic chords.

$\text{*})$  One group of children may sing the first verse, another group the second.

## ✓ 22. A Picnic on the Grass

HOMER H. HARBOUR

In moderate time

German Folk-song

**Voices**

1. Were you ev - er on a pic - nic When the  
 2. With the plat - ters made of oak - leaves, Tied to  
 3. Pick - ing flow - ers, pick - ing ber - ries, Till the

**Piano**

sum - mer sky is blue, With the green grass for a  
 geth - er with a string; And with cups made out of  
 good things all are spread; Eat - ing din - ner in the

*poco rit.*

ta - ble And for ta - ble cloth too?  
 birch - bark You can drink from the spring.  
 sun - shine While the birds sing o'er - head.

*poco rit.*

# 23. Dancing in the Orchard

RICHARD COMPTON

*With swinging rhythm*

*Austrian Folk-song*

**Voices**

*mf*

1. Come dance in the orchard 'Mid  
 2. Dance ring-round a rosy, The  
 3. Dance fast-er and fast-er, All

**Piano**

dai-sies, 'Mid clo-ver; Come dance in the  
 white clouds ge sail-ing; Dance ring-round a -  
 laugh-ing all sing-ing; Dance fast-er and

*poco rit.*

or-chard, All un-der the trees.  
 ro-sy, As long as we please.  
 fast-er While soft blows the breeze.

*poco rit.*

# 24. The Pony Ride

RICHARD COMPTON

Flemish Folk-song

Fast

Voices



Piano



po - nies; Here we come on our po - nies; Now,  
Bos - ton; We are rid - ing to Bos - ton To

poco rit. whoal! whoal! whoal! Stop a mo-ment just to say, "Oh,  
have some fun.— Po - ny, if you'll trot with me, Some

Fine a tempo

poco rit.

how do you do, this sun - ny day?" And off we go!—  
su-gar and cake you'll have for tea, So run, run, run!—

D. C.

# 25. My Playmate

HOMER H. HARBOUR

Moderately fast  
*mp*

Russian Folk-song

Voices

1. I've a shad-ow for a play-mate, And he's  
2. When the sun is high at noon-time, He's as

Piano

nev - er twice the same: First he's short and then he's  
small as small can be: Hump - ty - dump - ty, see him

tall, Then he is - n't there at all.  
glide, Hump - ty - dump - ty, by my side!

*poco rit.*

tall, Then he is - n't there at all.  
glide, Hump - ty - dump - ty, by my side!

3

As the sun gets low and lower,  
Like a giant he grows tall:  
Daddy-long-legs, when I run,  
Daddy-long-legs, oh, what fun!

4

But I think he's scared of darkness,  
And I think he's scared of rain,  
For he slips away at night;  
When it rains he's not in sight.

5

But the moment lamps are lighted,  
And whene'er the sun comes out,  
Quickly back to me he steals,  
Tagging closely at my heels.

# ✓ 26. Riding on the Elevated

RICHARD COMPTON

With spirit

Flemish Melody

Voice      With spirit      *mf*

1. Up in the air the trains go fly - ing  
2. Un - der the ground the trains go fly - ing

Piano      *mf*

Quick as a flash to Bos-ton town.  
Quick as a flash to Cam-bridge town.  
Over the roofs of the  
Un - der the hous - es and

hou-ses gray,  
trees we fly,  
Clear to the o - cean we look a - way.  
Un - der the church-es and tow - ers high.

D. C.

\* This is a "modal" song, and the whole step between *G* and *A*, in the second and fourth measures, should be strictly observed.

# 27. A Song of Bread

HOMER H. HARBOUR

With swinging rhythm

German Folk-song

**Voices**

*mf*

1. Sing a song of gold-en wheat, gold-en wheat, gold-en wheat;  
2. Sing a song of farm-er boys, farm-er boys, farm-er boys;

**Piano**

*mf*

Sing a song of gold-en wheat By the breeze blown. Birds are there, Bees are there,  
Sing a song of farm-er boys Mow-ing the grain. Swish they go, slash they go,

*f*

But-ter-flies in the air: Sing a song of gold-en wheat By the breeze blown!  
Grass-es are bend-ing low: Sing a song of farm-er boys Mow-ing the grain! *poco rit.*

*f*

3

Sing a song of waterfalls,  
Waterfalls, waterfalls;  
Sing a song of waterfalls  
Turning wheels round.  
Sift the wheat,  
Stamp the wheat, Till it is soft and sweet:  
Sing a song of waterfalls  
Turning wheels round!

4

Sing a song of baking day,  
Baking day, baking day;  
Sing a song of baking day,  
Coals burning red.  
Milk is in,  
Yeast is in,  
Ovens are hot within:  
Sing a song of baking day,  
Loaves of white bread!

# 28. Jack-in-the-pulpit

MAY MORGAN

German Folk-song

With spirit

Voices

*mf*

1. One sun - ny A - pril morn - ing, As  
2. I bow'd to him po - lite - ly, And

Piano

*mf*

I was walk - ing thro' the wood, I came where Jack, the  
said, "What is your text to - day?" But Jack, the Preach - er,

*poco rit.*

Preach - er, Up - on his pul - pit stood.  
stood there With - out a word to say.

*poco rit.*

# 29. Reveille

Anonymous

Dutch Folk-song

Fast

**Voices**

1. From the fort where soldiers are sleep - ing  
"Men a - wakel Come run - ning and leap - ing;

Sounds the bu - gle ere it is light;  
Day is com - ing, gone is the night." Tra la la la la,

tra la la la la, Soon will the sun bring glo - ri - ous light.

2

Hark! the bugle calling so loudly;  
Far it echoes over the bay;  
See the flag that's climbing so proudly  
High, so high, to welcome the day!  
Tra la la la la, tra la la la la,  
Flag of our country greeting the day!

# 30. The Tall Clock

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

With swinging rhythm

German Folk-song

*Hanging on the wall.*

Voices      With swinging rhythm

Piano

1. Clock up-on the land-ing, How old are you, pray? How  
2. Once a week they feed you, I've seen how'tis done! I'm

long - have you been stand-ing At work night and day, With  
learn - ing now to read you, Five, four, three, two, one! Pa -

pen - du - lum swing-ing, Your hands turn - ing round,  
pa says the sun sets And ris - es by you,

Strik - ing ev - 'ry hour With mel - o - di - ous sound?  
That's why ev - 'ry - one Sets his watch by you, tool

# 31. The Wind

HOMER H. HARBOUR

German Folk-song

Fast  
*mf*

**Voices**

1. Down the street the wind is roar-ing, Hear his trump-ets  
 2. Lis - ten how the wind goes moan-ing In the chim-ney

**Piano**

blow! \*) (Hear his trump-ets blow!) O - ver roofs and  
 flue, In the chim-ney flue; Round the doors and

chim - neys soar - ing, Shout - ing fierce - ly, O - ho - ho!  
 win - dows groan - ing, Cry - ing sad - ly, Oo - hoo - hoo!

*poco rit.*

\*) O - ver roofs and chim-neys soar - ing, Hear his trump-ets blow!  
 (Let me in for I am lone - ly, Let me in with you.)

*poco rit.*

\*) Words in parentheses may be sung by one child at a distance.

## 32. A Night in the Woods

HOMER H. HARBOUR

Slowly

Dutch Folk-song

Voices

*p*

1. A - sleep in their shad - y bed, Hush - a - bye - o! Two  
 2. They o - pen'd their pret - ty eyes Just be - fore dark, As  
 3. They fed up - on grass-es green, Ber - ries, and ferns, And

Piano

*p*

ba - by deer nest-led one day, — While o - ver their heads the wee  
 fad - ed the long af - ter - noon; — They wan-der'd all night a-mong  
 drank of the lake cool and deep; — But when the first light of the

*p*

*p*

birds of the woods Were sing - ing and swing-ing a - way. — While way. —  
 mead-ows and fields Where bright-ly was shin - ing the moon..They moon.  
 sun touch'd the trees, They lay in their bed sound a - sleep..But sleep.

1

*p*

2

*p*

# 33. The Pine Tree Swing

HOMER H. HARBOUR

With swinging rhythm

German Folk-song

Voices



Piano

found me a won-der-ful swing Where I can rest so  
white clouds sail laz - i - ly by, And some-times lit - tle

safe so high And hear the breeze in the branch - es sigh, And  
birds light near And sing their songs close to my ear, And

up and down, and up and down The wind sings rock - a - bye  
up and down, and up and down I rock twixt earth and sky

*poco rit.*

*poco rit.*

# 34. I saw three ships

Anonymous

With spirit

Old Song

Voices

1. I saw three ships come sail-ing by,  
2. And what do you think was on the ships,

Piano

Sail-ing by, sail-ing by; I saw three ships come  
On the ships, on the ships; And what do you think was

poco rit.  
sail-ing by, On New-Year's day in the morn-ing.  
on the ships, On New-Year's day in the morn-ing?  
poco rit.

3

Three pretty girls were on the ships,  
On the ships, on the ships;  
Three pretty girls were on the ships,  
On New Year's day in the morning.

4

And one could whistle and one could sing,  
The other could play the violin;  
Such joy there was at my wedding,  
On New Year's day in the morning.

# 35. Playing Ball on the Stairs

RICHARD COMPTON

Moderately fast

French Folk-song

Voices

1. Here is a stair-case so steep and so tall;  
2. Bounc-ing a - way to the top it must go,

Piano

Here in my hand is a red rub - ber ball; See how I  
Step by step down a - gain, drop-ping so slow; In - to my

make it go hip - pi - ty - hop! See how I throw it way  
hand see it fall with a bump! All the way back to the

up to the top; Here it comes down a-gain, clop - pi-ty - clop!  
top see it jump! Here it comes down a-gain, bump-e - ty - bump!

# 36. Tirra-lirra-lirra

JOHN ERWIN

With spirit

German Folk-song

Voices

*mf*

1. Tir - ra - lir - ra - lir - ra, In the Spring  
2. Tir - ra - lir - ra - lir - ra, Is our song,  
3. Tir - ra - lir - ra - lir - ra, Soft and low,

Piano

O - ri-oles and rob - ins Sweet-ly sing; From the leaf - y branch-es  
When the love - ly sum-mer Days are long; Row-ing on the riv - er  
Hear the brook in win - ter 'Neath the snow; Tho' the leaves are dead Where-

*f*

We can hear Tir - ra - lir - ra - lir - ra Ring - ing clear.  
Or the sea, Tir - ra - lir - ra - lir - ra Sing with glee!  
e'er we look, Tir - ra - lir - ra - lir - ra Sings the brook.  
*poco rit.*

# 37. The Little Dustman

Anonymous

German Folk-song

Slowly

Voices

1. The flow - 'rets all sleep sound - ly Be -  
2. Now see, the lit - tle dust - man At the  
3. And ere the lit - tle dust - man Is

neath the moon's bright ray,  
win - dow shows his head,  
man - y steps a - way,

They nod their heads to -  
And looks for all good  
Thy pret - ty eyes, my

poco rit.

geth - er, And dream the night a - way.  
chil - dren Who ought to be in bed.  
dar - ling, Close fast un - til next day.

poco rit.

*mp a tempo*

The bud - ding trees wave to and fro, And -  
And as each wea - ry pet he spies Throws  
But they shall ope at morn - ing's light And -  
*a tempo*

mur - mur soft and low,  
dust in - to its eyes.  
greet the sun - shine bright.

Sleep on,  
Sleep on,  
Sleep on,

*rit.*

sleep on,- sleep on, my lit - tle one!  
sleep on,- sleep on, my lit - tle one!  
sleep on,- sleep on, my lit - tle one!

*rit.*

# 38. The Shadow

MAY MORGAN

With swinging rhythm

Old Song

*mp*

**Voices**

1. My shad - ows al - ways with me,  
2.His size is al - ways chang - ing,  
3.But though he's al - ways friend - ly,

**Piano**

*mp*

mat - ter where I go;\_\_\_\_\_  
times he shoots up tall;\_\_\_\_\_  
loves with me to stay,\_\_\_\_\_

My pace he's al - ways  
And then a - gain\_ he  
My fun - ny lit - tle

*poco rit.*

keep-ing, If fast I move, or slow.\_\_\_\_\_  
dwin-dles Un - til he's ver - y small.\_\_\_\_\_  
shad-ow Has not a word to say.\_\_\_\_\_

*poco rit.*

# 39. Song of Praise

RICHARD COMPTON

Old English Song

Slowly

Voices

*mp*

1. God, our Fa-ther, made the day-light; God, our...

2. God, we thank Thee for the show-ers, God, we...

Piano

*mf*

Fa-ther, made the night; God made moun-tains,  
thank Thee for the dew; Might-y trees and...

sea, and sky, And the white clouds float-ing high.  
flow-ers small; God, our Fa-ther, gave them all.

*poco rit.*

*mf*

sea, and sky, And the white clouds float-ing high.  
flow-ers small; God, our Fa-ther, gave them all.

# 40. God, our Loving Father

RICHARD COMPTON

Finnish Melody

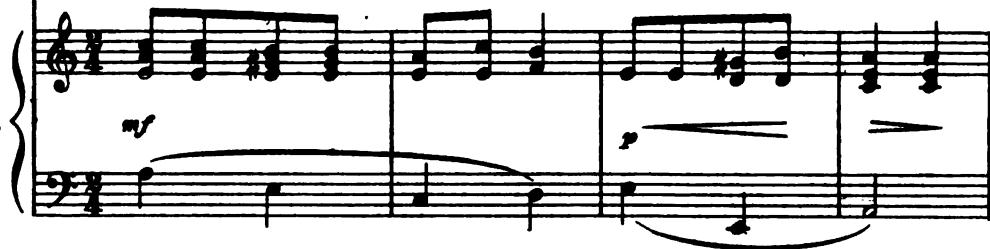
Slowly

Voices

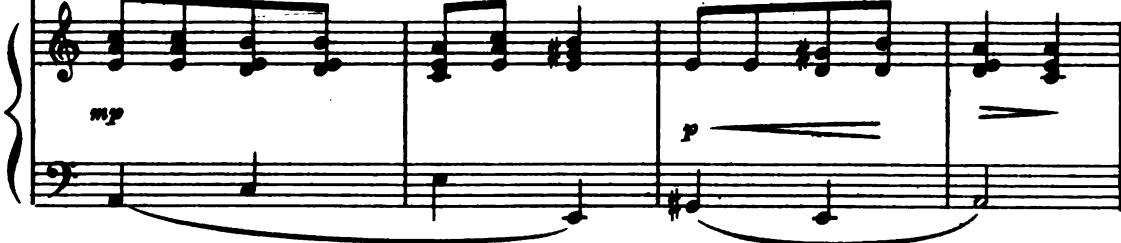


1. Who made o - cean, earth, and sky? God, our lov-ing Fa - ther.  
2. Who made lakes and riv - ers blue? God, our lov-ing Fa - ther.

Piano.



Who made sun and moon on high? God, our lov-ing Fa - ther.  
Who made snow and rain and dew? God, our lov-ing Fa - ther.



Who made all the birds that fly? God, our lov-ing Fa - ther.  
He made lit - tle chil - dren too, God, our lov-ing Fa - ther.



# 41. Come, Thou Almighty King

Anonymous

FELICE GIARDINI

With dignity

**Voices**

Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy

Piano

name — to sing, Help us to praise.

Fa - ther all glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous,

Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of rit. rit. days.

# 42. How wondrous and great

Bishop H. U. ONDERDONK (1826)

JOSEF HAYDN

With dignity

*mf*

Voices

1. How won - drous and great Thy works, God of  
2. To na - tions long dark Thy light shall be

Piano { *mf*

praise! How just, King of saints, And true \_ are Thy shown; Their wor - ship and vows Shall come \_ to Thy ways! Oh, who shall not fear Thee, And hon - or Thy throne: Thy truth and Thy judge - ments Shall spread all a -

*f*

Name? Thou on - ly art ho - ly, Thou on - ly su - preme.  
broad, 'Till earth's ev - 'ry peo - ple Con - fess\_ Thee their God.

# 43. Silent Night

Carol

Anonymous

MICHAEL HAYDN

Slowly

Voices

1. Si - lent night Ho - ly night! All is calm, all is bright  
 2. Si - lent night Ho - ly night! Dark-ness flies, all is light!  
 3. Si - lent night Ho - ly night! Child of heav'n! O how bright

Piano

Round yon vir - gin Moth - er and child, Ho - ly - in - fant se  
 Shep - herds hear\_ the an - gels sing: "Hal - le - lu - - ial  
 Thou didst smile\_ when Thou\_ wast born! Bless - ed be \_\_\_\_ that

ten - der and mild; Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav-en-ly peace.  
 hail\_ the king! Christ the Sav - ior is born! Christ the Savior is born!"  
 hap - py morn, Full of heav - en - ly joy,- Full of heav-en-ly joy!

# 44. Once, long ago

RICHARD COMPTON

Old Bohemian Christmas Carol

Brightly

Voices



Piano



sleep, Out on\_ the\_ plain shep - herds watch'd o'er\_ their  
light, Where shin - ing hosts of\_ God's an - gels\_ stood

sheep; Lo, there an an- gel bright came up - on them, Glad tid-ings from on  
bright; Glo - ry to God on high, they were sing-ing, Joy un-to all man-

high bring - ing to them: Je - sus\_ is\_ born!  
kind they were bring - ing: Je - sus\_ is\_ born!

*rit.*

*rit.*

# 45. Lincoln's Birthday

HOMER H. HARBOUR

In moderate time

Dutch Folk-song

Voices

1. In tow'r and spire were ring - ing, This day at dawn, the  
 2. The for - est winds went sigh - ing, One drear - y win - ter,  
 3. The roll - ing years add bright - ness To Lin - coln's well-lov'd

Piano

bells; And now the chil - dren's sing - ing From hall and school-house  
 day, A - round a - rough log cab - in Where as a babe he  
 name, And chil - dren of our chil - dren Shall sing his praise and

swells. Of one who lov'd his - peo - ple The glad birth-day to -  
 lay. But nev - er king nor - cap - tain Did no-bler deeds than  
 fame. Wide o'er this land the - peo - ple With joy his birth-day.

greet: Ring, bells from ev - 'ry steep - le, Wave, flags in ev - 'ry street!  
 he, Who saved a might - y na - tion, And set a peo - ple free.  
 greet: Ring, bells from ev - 'ry steep - le, Wave, flags in ev - 'ry street!

*frit.*

*f*

# 46. The Fourth of July

JOHN IRWIN

With spirit

German Melody

*mf*

Voices

1. From dawn of day to — set of sun Ju - ly the Fourth is—  
 2. A — birth-day pre-sent ev'-ry year We ought to give our

Piano

full of fun; O hap - py sum - mer hol - i - day, When  
 coun - try dear; O hap - py sum - mer hol - i - day, When

ban - ners wave and chil - dren play! The birth - day of our  
 ban - ners wave and chil - dren play! So now, dear land, I

*poco rit.*

own dear land, Be - neath whose star - ry flag we stand.  
 give to you My heart's love ev - er warm and true.

*poco rit.*

# 47. Santa Claus

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

With spirit

Old German Song

Voices

*mf*

1.What clat - ters on the roofs With  
2. I won - der what he brings, What

Piano

quick im - pa - tient hoofs? I think it must be San - ta Claus!  
heaps of pret - ty things, And how he gets them down the flue.

Hark! Old San - ta Claus, He's in his load - ed sledge!  
Hark! Down thro' the flue Just where the stock - ings hang!

3

'Tis cold as cold can be,  
Yet I should like to see  
If Santa Claus is dressed his best.  
Hark! Dressed for his ride,  
His ride around the world.

4

I guess I'll dare to peep,  
He'll think me sound asleep;  
Why, there he is with heaps of toys!  
Hark! Yes, heaps of toys;  
Yes, there is Santa Claus!

# 48. The Flag going by

HOMER H. HARBOUR

German Folk-song

With dignity

*mf*

Voices

1. O beau-ti - ful ban-ner all splen-did with stars, That  
2. From o - cean to o - cean you bright-en our land, O'er

Piano

*mf*

down the street comes fly - ing, Proud em - blem\_ of the free! My  
prai-rie, for - est, moun-tain, Su - perb a - gainst the sky. O

*mf*

heart and hand sa - lute you, Dear flag of lib - er - ty!  
flag for which men la - bor! O flag for which men die!

*f* *rit.*

# 49. America

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

Slowly

Old Saxon Melody

Voices

*mf*

1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,  
2. My na-tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the  
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and

Pil - grim's pride, From ev - 'ry— moun-tain side Let free-dom ring.  
tem-pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.

3

Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song;  
Let mortal tongues awake,  
Let all that breathe partake;  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.

4

Our fathers' God, to Thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To Thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light,  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God, our King.

# 50. How should I your true love know? <sup>51</sup>

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Slowly  
*mp*

English Folk-song

**Voices**

1. How should I your true love know From an-oth - er one?  
2. He is dead and gone, la - dy, He is dead and gone;

**Piano**

*poco rit.*

By his cock - le hat and staff And his san - dal shoon.  
At his head a grass green turf, At his heels a stone.  
*poco rit.*

# 51. The Bells

JOHN ERWIN

With spirit

French Folk-song

**Voices**

1. A-way up in the tower Bells ring each hour; To all the world they  
2. A bell rings off the shore Where sea waves roar, To bid all ships be-

**Piano**

*poco rit.*

say The time of day. Ding - dong, Ding - dong, Is the church bell's so-lemn song.  
ware, Sharp rocks are there; Ding - dong, Ding - dong, Goes the bell-buoy all day long.  
*poco rit.*

# 52. The Golden Boat

HOMER H. HARBOUR

German Melody

**Slowly**  
*mp*

**Voices**

1. Down the riv - er swift - ly sail - ing Comes a  
 2. Not a mast or sail to guide it, On the  
 3. Now I'll tell you that my riv - er Was the

**Piano**

love - ly gold - en boat; Light it drifts — as an - y  
 yel - low deck are seen; 'Tis a ship — of ti - ny  
 gut - ter-stream that rolled, And my boat, — a leaf of

*poco rit.*

feath - er On the rush - ing stream a - float.  
 fair - ies Tak - ing home the fair - y queen.  
 ma - ple That the frost had turn'd to gold.

*poco rit.*

# 53. Cradle Song

Anonymous

German Folk-song

In moderate time

Voices

1. Sleep, ba - by, sleep. Thy fa - ther tends the -  
 2. Sleep, ba - by, sleep. 'Tis heav - en sends us -  
 3. Sleep, ba - by, sleep. And you still have a -

Piano

sheep, Thy moth - er shakes the ap - ple - tree And  
 sheep; The lit - tle stars are lamb - kins white, The  
 sheep, And he shall have a gold - en bell, And

down comes all the fruit for thee. Sleep, ba - by, sleep.  
 moon she tends them all the night. Sleep, ba - by, sleep.  
 play with ba - by in the dell. Sleep, ba - by, sleep.

*p rit.**rit.**p*

# 54. I had a little sail-boat

## La Bergère

JOHN IRWIN

French Folk-song

With spirit  
*mp*

Voices

1. I had a lit-tle sail-boat; Her decks were new, and all paint-ed blue; I  
1. Il é-tail un'ber - gè-re Et ron, ron, ron, Pe-tit pa-ta-pon, Il

Piano

had a lit-tle sail-boat, And sail'd it on the brook, Tra-la, And sail'd it on the brook.  
é-tail un'ber - gè-re, Qui gar-dail ses mou - tons, Ron, ron, Qui gar-dail ses mou - tons.

*poco rit.*

*poco rit.*

2

An ugly frog sat staring,  
An ugly frog that was on a log;  
An ugly frog sat staring,  
And leaped upon the deck,  
Tra la,  
And leaped upon the deck.

3

My ship went topsy-turvy;  
Her sails so white disappeared from sight;  
My ship went topsy-turvy,  
Beneath the water clear,  
Tra la,  
Beneath the water clear.

2

*El le fit une fromage,*  
*Et ron, ron, ron, petit patapon,*  
*El le fit une fromage,*  
*Du lait de ses moutons,*  
*Ron, ron,*  
*Du lait de ses moutons.*

3

*Le chat qui la regarde,*  
*Et ron, ron, ron, petit patapon,*  
*Le chat qui la regarde*  
*D'un petit air fripon,*  
*Ron, ron,*  
*D'un petit air fripon.*

4

*Si tu mets y la patte,*  
*Et ron, ron, ron, petit patapon,*  
*Si tu mets y la patte,*  
*Tu auras du bâton,*  
*Ron, ron,*  
*Tu auras du bâton.*

5

*Il n'y mit pas la patte,*  
*Et ron, ron, ron, petit patapon,*  
*Il n'y mit pas la patte,*  
*Il y mit le menton,*  
*Ron, ron,*  
*Il y mit le menton.*

6

*La bergère en colère,*  
*Et ron, ron, ron, petit patapon,*  
*La bergère en colère,*  
*A tué son chaton,*  
*Ron, ron,*  
*A tué son chaton.*

# 55. The Winds and the Shadows

55

HOMER H. HARBOUR *Le Petit Chasseur*

In moderate time

Old French Song

Voices

Piano

1. On a sun-ny day in June, I have watch'd the breez-es  
1. Il é-tait un pe-tit homm', A che-val sur un bâ-

play, All a gold-en af-ter - noon, Rac-ing with the shad-ows  
ton; Il s'en al-lait à la chass', A la chass' aux s'han-ne-

gray, A-fly-ing, fly-ing far a-way, A-fly-ing, fly-ing far a-way.  
tons, Et ti ton tain et ti ton tain; et ti ton tain' Et ti ton ton!  
poco rit.

2

Over wood and over hill

Sliding swift the shadows go,

Over church and farm and mill,

When the merry breezes blow,

A-gliding, gliding on below,

A-gliding, gliding on below.

3

But the breezes stop their play,

In the golden sunset light,

And the shadows creep away

In the forest out of sight,

A-sleeping, sleeping through the night,

A-sleeping, sleeping through the night.

2

*Il s'en allait à la chasse.  
A la chass' aux s'hanetons;  
Quand il fut sur la montagn',  
Il partit un coup d'cannon.  
Et ti ton tain', etc.*

3

*Quand il fut sur la montagn',  
Il partit un coup d'cannon;  
Il en eut si peur d'mêm',  
Qu'il tomba sur ses talons,  
Et ti ton tain', etc.*

4

*Il en eut si peur d'mêm',  
Qu'il tomba sur ses talons;  
Tout's les dames du village  
Lui portèrent des bonbons.  
Et ti ton tain', etc.*

5

*Tout's les dames du village  
Lui portèrent des bonbons.  
Je vous remerci' mesdams',  
De vous et de vos bonbons.  
Et ti ton tain', etc.*

## ✓ 56. Cock-a-doodle-doo!

Anonymous.

English Folk-song

Gaily

*mf*

Voices

1. Cock - a - doo - dle doo! My dame has lost her shoe, My  
 2. Cock - a - doo - dle doo! What is my dame to do? Till  
 3. Cock - a - doo - dle doo! My dame has found her shoe, And

Piano

*mf*

*mf*

mas-ter's lost his fid-dling stick, And doesn't know what to do. And  
 mas-ter's found his fid-dling stick She'll dance with - out her shoe. She'll  
 mas-ter's found his fid-dling stick, Sing doo - dle - doo-dle - doo! Sing

*f*

*mf*

doesn't know what to do, And doesn't know what to do; My  
 dance with - out her shoe, She'll dance with - out her shoe; Till  
 doo - dle - doo - dle - doo; Sing doo - dle - doo - dle - doo; And

*f*

*poco rit.*

mas-ter's lost his fid-dling stick, And doesn't know what to do.  
 mas-ter's found his fid-dling stick, She'll dance with - out her shoe.  
 mas-ter's found his fid-dling stick, Sing doo - dle - doo - dle - doo!  
*poco rit.*

# 57. The Mail-box

HOMER H. HARBOUR

German Folk-song

Moderately fast

**Voices**

1. The let - ters come all day to the mail - box  
 2. All in the dark they lie for an hour or  
 3. To coun-tries far a - way shall these let - ters

**Piano**

bright, Like pi-gions to the house where they sleep at night.  
 more, Un - til the post-man comes to un - lock the door;  
 go; Here's one must take a jour - ney to Mex - i - co;

Lift the lid and in they go, Down to join their mates be - low; Each  
 Out they hur - ry in a flock; Click be-hind them goes the lock, And  
 That one goes to far Ja - pan, This one goes to Hin - du-stan; To

one goes tum - bling in and is lost to sight.  
 now they're off on tra - vels the wide world o'er.  
 Par - is and to Rome and to To - ki - o.

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The top staff is for the piano, indicated by a treble clef and bass clef, with a dynamic marking of *mp*. The second staff is for the voice, indicated by a soprano clef, with a dynamic marking of *mf*. The third staff is for the piano, indicated by a treble clef and bass clef, with a dynamic marking of *mf*. The bottom staff is for the voice, indicated by a soprano clef, with a dynamic marking of *poco rit.* The music is in common time (indicated by a '4') and is in G major (indicated by a 'G' with a sharp sign). The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, with some words underlined for emphasis. The piano part includes various chords and rhythmic patterns, while the vocal part follows a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

# 58. Evening on the River

RICHARD COMPTON

German Folk-song

Slowly

**Voices**

1. The ri - ver is clear as glass,  
 2. Far down in the wa - ters clear  
 3. The bright clouds are fad - ing now,

**Piano**

Just be-fore sun - set As we loos - en Our  
 See the clouds sail - ing; Some are crim - son And  
 Night is fast com - ing; In the dark - ness Be -

*poco rit.*

row - boat And drift a - long shore.  
 ro - sy, Some flam - ing with gold.  
 neath us There gleams a bright star.

# 59. The Old Woman and the Peddler

Anonymous

English Folk-song

With spirit

**Voices**

**Piano**

1. There was an old wo - man, as I've heard tell, Fal, lal,  
 2. There came by a ped-dler whose name was Stout, Fal, lal,

lal lal lal lal lal! She went to mar - ket her eggs for to sell,  
 lal lal lal lal lal! He cut her pet - ti-coats round a - bout,

Fal, lal, lal lal lal lal! She went to mar - ket as I've heard say,  
 Fal, lal, lal lal lal lal! He cut her pet - ti-coats up to her knees,

Fal, lal, lal lal lal lal She fell a-sleep on the  
 Fal, lal, lal lal lal lal Which made the old wo-man to

King's high-way, Fal, lal, lal lal lal lal  
 shiv-er and sneeze, Fal, lal, lal lal lal lal  
*poco rit.*

## 3

When this little woman did first awake,  
 Fal lal, etc.  
 She began to shiver and began to shake;  
 Fal lal, etc.  
 She began to wonder, she began to cry,  
 Fal lal, etc.  
 "Oh, deary me, this can never be I!"  
 Fal lal, etc.

## 4

"But if it be I, as I hope it be,  
 Fal lal, etc.  
 I've a doggie at home that I'm sure knows me.  
 Fal lal, etc.  
 And if it be I, he will wag his tail,  
 Fal lal, etc.  
 And if it's not I, he will bark and wail."  
 Fal lal, etc.

## 5

Home went the old woman all in the dark,  
 Fal lal, etc.  
 Then up got her dog and began to bark,  
 Fal lal, etc.  
 He began to bark; she began to cry.  
 Fal lal, etc.  
 "Deary me, dear! this is none of I!"  
 Fal lal, etc.

# 60. If I were an Elfin

HOMER H. HARBOUR

Bohemian Folk-song

Fast

**Voices**

1. If I were a ti - ny elf - in, Just as high  
 2. There Id watch from out my win - dow Bum - ble - bees  
 3. Safe from gi - ant toad and spar - row I should keep

**Piano**

As a fly, I should creep in - to a flow - er There to lie.  
 In the breeze, Buzz-ing by a - mong the grass - es Tall as trees.  
 Hid - den deep, Till the sum - mer wind would rock me Fast a - sleep.

# 61. The Cuckoo

HOMER H. HARBOUR

German Folk-song

Moderately fast

*mp*

Voices

1. The cuck - oo is a sau - cy bird, and  
2. The rob - in and the o - ri - ole oft

Piano

*mp*

will not hold her tongue; — The cuck - oo is a gad - a - bout, and  
scold her to her face; — They tell her faults to all the wood, and

*mf*

cares not for her young; — She quar-rels long and nois - i - ly, And  
pub-lis-h her dis - grace; — Yet not a sin-gle wit cares she, But

*poco rit.*

chat - ters out in ev - 'ry tree, Cuck - oo! Cuck - oo! Cuck - oo!  
chir - rups at them sau - ci - ly, Cuck - oo! Cuck - oo! Cuck - oo!

*poco rit.*

## 62. The Lamps of Night

HOMER H. HARBOUR

English Melody

Slowly

**Voices**

1. When eve - ning comes, and its grow - ing dark, I  
 2. And one by one in the build - ings high The  
 3. And o - ver - head in the qui - et skies, The

**Piano**

watch from out my room, Like chains of gold - en  
 win - dows blaze with light, Un - til like tow - ers  
 stars be - gin to show, The lamps of God that

*poco rit.*

beads a - far, The street lamps light the gloom.  
 fill'd with gold They stand here in the night.  
 He has set To light His world be - low.  
*poco rit.*

# 63. The Strawberry Girl

Anonymous

Old English Melody

In moderate time

*mp*

Voices

1. Oh, is it not a — pleasant thing To —  
 2. To sit with - in the deep, cool, shade, At —  
 3. I sigh when first I — see the leaves Fall, —

*mp*

Piano

*mf*

wan - der thro' the woods? To look up - on the —  
 some tall ash - tree's root; To fill my lit - tle —  
 yel - low on the plain; And all the win - ter —

*mf*

*poco rit.*

paint - ed — flow'rs, And watch the — op - 'ning buds.  
 bas - ket — with The sweet and — scent - ed fruit.  
 long — I — sing, "Sweet Sum - mer, — come a - gain!"

*poco rit.*

*mp*

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is for 'Voices' in treble clef, 2/4 time, with lyrics in three lines. The middle staff is for 'Piano' in treble and bass clefs, 2/4 time, providing harmonic support. The bottom staff is also for 'Piano' in treble and bass clefs, 2/4 time, with a different harmonic progression. Measure numbers are implied by the vertical bar lines. Dynamics like *mp* (mezzo-piano) and *mf* (mezzo-forte) are indicated above the staves. The vocal part includes three stanzas of lyrics. The piano parts feature sustained notes and chords, with the bass line providing harmonic foundation.

# 64. The Old Man

Anonymous

Old English Melody

**Fast**

**Voices**

1. Wil - ly, Wil - ly, Will, The old man's com - ing;  
2. Wil - ly, Wil - ly, Will, The old man's com - ing;

**Piano**

Wil - ly, Wil - ly, Will, What brings he here? Wil - ly, Wil - ly, Will, Nice  
Wil - ly, Wil - ly, Will, What else has he? Wil - ly, Wil - ly, Will, Such

su - gar can - dy, Wil - ly, Wil - ly, Will, For you, my lit - tle dear.  
pret - ty play - things, Wil - ly, Wil - ly, Will, A pock - et full for thee.

poco rit.

3

Willy, Willy, Will,  
What more I wonder?  
Willy, Willy, Will,  
A good stout cane;  
Willy, Willy, Will,  
Some little boy's been crying,  
Willy, Willy, Will,  
He'd best not cry again.

4

Willy, Willy, Will,  
My Will's a darling;  
Willy, Willy, Will,  
Ne'er cries he'll find;  
Willy, Willy, Will,  
He'll keep his caning,  
Willy, Willy, Will,  
For boys who will not mind.

# 65. In the Firelight

HOMER H. HARBOUR

English Folk-song

In moderate time

**Voices**

1. On winter nights when stormy winds Are  
2. Then while the old folks tell their tales And  
3. To see bold knights and drag ons there, And

driv-ing fast the snow,  
sto-ries of the past,  
caves and cas-tles red,  
I love to sit be -  
To look for pic - tures  
Un - til the flames have

*poco rit.*

fore the fire, And hear the north-wind blow.  
in the flames That from the wood leap fast.  
all died down, And I must go to bed.

# 66. Robin-a-Thrush

Anonymous

With swinging rhythm

English Folk-song

**Voices**

1. O Rob - in - a - Thrush he mar - ri ed a wife, With a  
2. Her cheese when made was put on the shelf, With a

hop-pe-ty, mop-pe-ty mow, now; She prov'd to be, the plague of his life, With a  
hop-pe-ty, mop-pe-ty mow, now; And it nev-er was turn'd till it turn'd of it-self, With a

poco rit.

hig jig jig - ge-ty, ruf - fe-ty pet - ti-coat, Rob - in - a-Thrush cries mow, now!  
hig jig jig - ge-ty, ruf - fe-ty pet - ti-coat, Rob - in - a-Thrush cries mow, now!

3

It turned and turned till it walked on the floor,  
With a hoppety, moppety mow, now;  
It stood upon legs and walked to the door,  
With a hig jig jiggety, ruffety petticoat,  
Robin-a-Thrush cries mow, now!

4

It walked till it came to Banbury Fair,  
With a hoppety, moppety mow, now;  
The dame followed after upon a grey mare  
With a hig jig jiggety, ruffety petticoat,  
Robin-a-Thrush cries mow, now!

5

This song it was made for gentlemen,  
With a hoppety, moppety mow, now;  
If you want any more you must sing it again,  
With a hig jig jiggety, ruffety petticoat,  
Robin-a-Thrush cries mow, now!

## 67. Echo Song

JOHN IRWIN

German Folk-song

With spirit  
*mp*

**Voices**

1. Have you ev - er heard an ech - o clear?  
2. Some - times in the wood the ech - oes hide;  
3. In an emp - ty house are ech - oes found,

Lis - ten as we sing and you shall hear; Heigh - o, Heigh - o, Heigh - ol  
 Shout and they shout back from ev - 'ry side; Hey - o, Hey - o, Hey - ol  
 Just like sol - emn voic - es un - der - ground; Hoo - loo, Hoo - loo, Hoo - loo!

(echo)

*pp*

Heigh - o, Heigh - o, Heigh - ol Sing with good cheer!  
 Hey - o, Hey - o, Hey - ol Shout far and wide!  
 Hoo - loo, Hoo - loo, Hoo - loo! How sad they sound!

*f poco rit.*

*poco rit.*

*pp*

# 68. Where are you going to?

Anonymous

Old Song

With swinging rhythm

Voices

1. Where are you go-ing to, my pret-ty maid? Where are you go-ing to,  
2. May I go with you, my pret-ty maid? May I go with you,

Piano

my pret-ty maid?" "I'm go-ing a-milk-ing, Sir," she said, "Sir," she said,  
my pret-ty maid?" "You're kind - ly wel-come, Sir," she said, "Sir," she said,

"Sir," she said, "I'm go-ing a - milk - ing, Sir," she said.  
"Sir," she said, "You're kind - ly wel - come, Sir," she said.

3

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?  
What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"  
"My face is my fortune, Sir," she said,  
"Sir," she said, "Sir," she said,  
"My face is my fortune, Sir," she said.

4

"Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid,  
Then I can't marry you, my pretty maid!"  
"Nobody asked you, Sir," she said,  
"Sir," she said, "Sir," she said,  
"Nobody asked you, Sir," she said.

# 卷之三

جغرافیا اسلامی

8. 10/01/2019 3:00

A handwritten musical score consisting of two staves. The top staff uses a soprano C-clef and a common time signature. It contains measures with various note heads, some with vertical stems and others with horizontal stems pointing right. The bottom staff uses a bass F-clef and a common time signature. It also contains measures with different note heads, some with vertical stems and others with horizontal stems pointing left. The music is written on five-line staves.

With the breath as soft as grass at bent down to the grass soft as

Grandfather! The old health of me we have made up our  
old Anti-Watch and birds that come to us we in

**Ap - ple - tree** House.  
**Ap - ple - tree** House.

App. B

A handwritten musical score on four staves. The top staff is for the soprano voice, the second for the alto, the third for the bass, and the bottom staff is for the piano. The music consists of measures of various note values, primarily eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano part includes several dynamic markings like 'p' (piano), 'f' (forte), and 'rit.' (ritardando). The manuscript is written in black ink on white paper.

# 70. Planting a Garden

RICHARD COMPTON

With swinging rhythm

Flemish Melody

**Voices**

*mf*

1. You rake and shov - el and wheel - bar - row  
 2. Be sure you cov - er them all ere you

**Piano**

*mf*

bring; Let's plant us a gar-den this morn - ing in spring;  
 go; Now rake the top o - ver and leave them to grow.

Dig lit - tle trench-es, pull out all the weeds;  
 Shine, mer - ry sun - light, and fall, gen - tle rain!

poco rit.

Pour in some wa - ter, then drop in your seeds.  
 Tend to my gar - den till I come a - gain.

# 69. The Apple-tree House

RICHARD COMPTON

German Melody

Moderately slow

**Voices**

1. The ap - ple-tree is cov - er'd with blos-soms of —  
2. We make be-lieve we're In-dians a - hid - ing all —

pink, With the branch-es all a - round it bent down to the day,  
And we lie there on our cush - ions of grass soft as

grass-tops; Un - der - neath it we have made us our Ap - ple-tree House.  
vel - vet; Watch - ing birds that come to see us in Ap - ple-tree House.

*poco rit.*

# 70. Planting a Garden

RICHARD COMPTON

With swinging rhythm

Flemish Melody

**Voices**

*mf*

1. You rake and shov - el and wheel - bar - row  
 2. Be sure you cov - er them all ere you

**Piano**

*mf*

bring; Let's plant us a gar - den this morn - ing in spring;  
 go; Now rake the top o - ver and leave them to grow.

Dig lit - tle trench-es, pull out all the weeds;  
 Shine, mer - ry sun - light, and fall, gen - tle rain!

*poco rit.*

Pour in some wa - ter, then drop in your seeds.  
 Tend to my gar - den till I come a - gain.  
*poco rit.*

## 71. On a Frosty Morning

JOHN IRWIN

French Folk-song

With spirit

*mp*

Voices

Piano

1. Pat-ter go the nuts on a frost-y morn-ing, Fall-ing from the  
2. Mis-ter Squir-rel lives in a hol-low ma-ple; Win-dow there is

*mf*

trees to the ground be - low; Here's Mis-ter Squir - rel, hop, hop,  
none, and but one small door; Time aft - er time fast - home he

*mf*

hop! Pick - ing them up as - fast they drop; Pack - ing them a -  
hops, In - to his door the nuts he drops; Who do you sup -

*poco rit.*

way for his food in win - ter, When the woods and fields will be white with snow.  
pose is in-side to meet him? Moth - er Squir - rel gray and her chil - dren four.  
*poco rit.*

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The top staff is for 'Voices' in treble clef, G major, with lyrics for two stanzas. The second staff is for 'Piano' in bass clef, C major. The third staff continues the 'Voices' part. The bottom staff continues the 'Piano' part. Dynamics like 'mp' (mezzo-forte) and 'mf' (mezzo-forte) are indicated. The lyrics describe a squirrel gathering nuts in winter.

# 72. Early One Morning

Anonymous

English Folk-song

In moderate time

**Voices**

*p*

1. Ear - ly one morn - ing, be - fore the sun had ris - en,  
 2. One Au-tumn aft - er-noon, just as the sun was set - ting,

**Piano**

*p*

*mf*

I heard a blue - bird in the fields gay - ly sing,  
 I heard a blue - bird on a tree pipe a song,

*mp*

"South winds are blow - ing, Green grass is grow - ing,  
 "Fare - well! we're go - ing; Cold winds are blow - ing;

*mf* *poco rit.*

We come to her - ald the mer - ry Spring!"  
 But we'll be back when the days grow long."

*poco rit.*

*mf* *f*

## 73. November

HOMER H. HARBOUR

Slowly

Bohemian Folk-song

Voices



Piano

trees are still; Woods are bare Ev - 'ry - where;  
all are dead; As - ters blue, Pop - pies too;

Loud cries the blue - jay be - hind the mill, Where the dry  
Soon o'er the fields win - ter winds will spread Drifts of snow

dead leaves lie; Where rob - ins sang all the trees are still.  
High and low; Dai - sies and sun - flow - ers all are dead.

*poco rit.**poco rit.*

# 74. The Robin

Anonymous

Old Song

In moderate time

Voices

*mp*

1. There came to my win - dow one morn - ing in spring A  
 2. Her wings she was spread-ing to soar far a - way, Then

Piano

*mp*

sweet lit - tle rob - in, she, came there to sing; The tune that she sang, it was  
 rest - ing a mo - ment seem'd sweet-ly to say, "Oh, hap - py, how hap - py the

pre - ti - er far Than an - y I heard on the flute or gui - tar.  
 world seems to be, A - wake, dear - est child, and be hap - py with me.

*poco rit.*

## 75. The Chickadee

MAY MORGAN

German Folk-song

Fast  
*mp*

**Voices**

1. Trees are bare ev - 'ry-where, Snows are deep and skies are gray;  
2. Jol - ly chap with a cap Soft as vel - vet, black as night;

**Piano**

*mp*

Yet one bird may be heard On the cold-est day.  
He's so gay, Qua-ker gray Does not suit him quite.

*mp*

Ask his name and he'll re-ply, Cock-ing up a ro-guish eye,  
Most un-like his so-ber coat Is his bright and cheer-y note,

*poco rit.*

"Chick-a-dee, Chick-a-dee, Chick-a-dee-dee-dee!"  
"Chick-a-dee, Chick-a-dee, Chick-a-dee-dee-dee!"

*poco rit.*

## 76. The Holiday

# NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

## With spirit

### Old French Song

With spirit  
*mp*

**Voices**

1. One morn - ing ear - ly, fra-grant was the air; The dew-drops  
2. Twas per - fect weath-er for an out-ing gay; We rode to -

**Piano**

*mp*

pearl-y Sparkled ev -'ry - where. And light clouds curl - y Prom-is'd twould be  
geth - er On the load of hay, In such high feath-er, Sing-ing all the

*poco rit.*

fair. Tra la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la.  
way, Tra la la la, Tra la la la la, Tra la.

*poco rit.*

*mf*

3

The pine grove shaded  
Rustic seat and swings;  
The small boys waded,  
Tried their swimming wings;  
The young girls aided  
With the picnic things.  
Tra la la la,  
Tra la la la la,  
Tra la.

4

And then day ended  
With the homeward ride;  
Our voices blended  
As the sunset died;  
The full moon splendid  
All things glorified.  
Tra la la la,  
Tra la la la la,  
Tra la.



# 77. The Farmer

Anonymous

French Folk-song

Moderately fast

Voices



Piano



grow; Sowing bar-ley as he pac-es, In the spring-time of the  
row; Reap-ing bar-ley as he pac-es, In the Au-tumn of the

year; When the fruit trees are in blos-som, Sowing bar-ley far and near.  
year; When the grain is ripe and gold-en, Reap-ing bar-ley far and near.

*poco rit.*

# 78. Lullaby

RICHARD COMPTON

Scotch Folk-song

Slowly

**Voices**

1. Hush - a - by, ba - by, the night winds are sigh - ing,  
 2. Warm in their wool - ly folds lamb - kins are rest - ing,

**Piano**

Go to sleep, go to sleep, crick - ets are cry - ing;  
 Soft in their sway - ing beds wee birds are nest - ing;

Sleep till the dew on the grass - es is wink - ing,  
 All the dark night in your cra - dle lie dream - ing

Sleep till the morn - ing sun wak - ens you blink - ing.  
 Till the broad sun thro' the win - dow is stream - ing.

## 79. The Little Ship

Anonymous

English Folk-song

With swinging rhythm

Voices



Piano



seal - And, oh, it was all lad - en With pret - ty things for  
decks, Were four and twen-ty white mice With chains a - bout their

thee! There were com-fits in the cab - in, And ap-ples in the  
necks; The cap-tain was a lit-tle duck With a pack-et on his

*poco rit.*

hold, And the spread-ing sails were made of silk, And the masts were made of gold.

back, And when the ship be - gan to move, The cap - tain cried, "Quack! Quack!"

*poco rit.*

## 80. The Merry-go-round

81

HOMER H. HARBOUR

Dame Tartine

French Folk-song

Fast

Voices      *mf*

Piano

1. Round and round on gal - lop - ing hors - es, Round and  
1. Il é - tait un' da - me Tar - ti - ne Dans un

round on bil - ly goats white, Boys and girls, are hap - pi - ly  
beau pa - lais de beurr' frais, Les mu - raill's é - latent de fa -

rid - ing, Laugh - ing loud with mer - ry de - light, With mu - si - cal  
ri - ne, Le par - quet é - tait de cro - quets, Sa cham - bre à co -

*poco rit.*

sound The mer - ry - go - round, The mer - ry - go - round is whirling a - round.  
cher E-tait d'é - chau - dés Son lit de bis - cuit C'est fort bon la nuit.  
*poco rit.*

2

Side by side go lions and tigers,  
Tall giraffes and long-legged cranes,  
Every one is wearing a saddle;  
Every one has beautiful reins.

With musical sound the merry-go-round,  
The merry-go-round is whirling around.

3

We can choose whichever we want to,  
When our turn for riding is here;  
I think I shall go on a tiger;  
Don't you want to go on a deer?  
With musical sound the merry-go-round,  
The merry-go-round is whirling.

2

Quand ell's en allait à la ville,  
Elle avait un petit bonnet;  
Les rubans étaient de pastille,  
Et le fond de bon raisiné;  
Sa petit' carriole  
Était d'croquignole;  
Ses petits chevaux  
Étaient d'pâtes chauds.

## 81. Old King Cole

Anonymous

Old Song

With spirit

*mf*

Voices

Piano

Old King Cole was a mer-ry old soul, And a mer-ry old soul was

*poco rit.*

he; And he call'd for his pipe, And he call'd for his bowl, And he call'd for his fid-dlers

*poco rit.*

three. Ev - 'ry fid - dler had a fid - dle fine, A ver - y fine fid - dle had

*a tempo*

*mf*

he; Then twee-dle-dee went the fid - dlers three, And so mer - ry we will be..

*poco rit.*

## 82. Butterflies

### Giroflé, girofla

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

French Folk-song

Moderately fast

*mp*

Voices

1.What pret - ty wings you flut - ter, But - ter -  
1.Que t'as de bel - les fil - les, Gi - ro -

Piano

*mp*

flies, But - ter - flies! Please take me up there  
flé, Gi - ro - fla! Que t'as de bel - les

1  
2 *poco rit.*  
with you, Let me with you rise! What with you rise!  
fil - les, L'a - mour my comp - tra. Que m'y comp - tra.  
*poco rit.*

## CHORUS

*mf a tempo*

Ay, pret - ty wings we flut - ter, But - ter - flies, But - ter - flies! You  
 Ell's sont bell's et gen - til - les, Gi - ro - fle, Gi - ro - fla! Ell's

have no wings to float on, No, you can - not rise! Ay, can - not rise!  
 sont bell's et gen - til - les, L'a-mour m'y comp - tra! Ell's m'y comp - tra!  
*poco rit.*

2

(Solo) ||: What lovely things you look at,  
 Butterflies, Butterflies!  
 Bright flowers and trees you look at  
 When you sail the skies. :||  
 (Chorus) ||: Ay, lovely things we look at,  
 Butterflies, Butterflies,  
 Yet you see more than we see  
 You have bigger eyes! :||

(Solo) ||: Donne-moi-s'en dunc une,  
 Girofle, girofla:  
 Donne-moi-s'en une,  
 L'amour m'y compt'ra. :||  
 (Choeur) ||: Pas seul'ment la queue d'une,  
 Girofle, Girofla:  
 Pas seul'ment la queue d'une,  
 L'amour m'y compt'ra. :||

3

(Solo) ||: J'irai au bois seulette,  
 Girofle, girofla:  
 J'irai au bois seulette,  
 L'amour m'y compt'ra. :||  
 (Choeur) ||: Si le roi t'y rencontre?  
 Girofle, girofla:  
 Si le roi t'y rencontre?  
 L'amour m'y compt'ra. :||

4

(Solo) ||: J'lui frai trois révérences,  
 Girofle, girofla:  
 J'lui frai trois révérences,  
 L'amour m'y compt'ra. :||  
 (Choeur) ||: Si le diabl' t'y rencontre?  
 Girofle, girofla:  
 Si le diabl' t'y rencontre?  
 L'amour m'y compt'ra. :||  
 (Solo) ||: Je lui ferai les cornes  
 Girofle, girofla:  
 Je lui ferai les cornes,  
 L'amour m'y compt'ra. :||

## 83. Ladybird

Anonymous

German Folk-song

Slowly

**Voices**

1. Sweet lit - tle la - dy-bird, rest a - while, Come rest a -  
 2. Poor lit - tle la - dy-bird, fly a - way, Thy home's on  
 3. Dear lit - tle la - dy-bird, pray re - turn To me once

**Piano**

while up - on my hand, And naught shall there af - fright thee! I'll treat thee  
 fire, — they chil - dren all - In pit - eous tones are cry - ing; The cru - el  
 more, to me once more; The sky is bright a - bove thee; Thy house is

well and set thee free, If thy bright wings thou'lt spread for  
 spi - der lin - gers here, Fly, fly a - way or much I  
 safe, thy chil - dren well, So thou canst all thy fears dis-

poco rit.

me; Those wings, those love - ly wings de-light me.  
 fear Thou'lt find, — thou'lt find thy chil - dren dy - ing.  
 pel; And dear - ly, and dear - ly do I love thee.

poco rit.

# 84. The Swallows

*Le furet du bois joli*

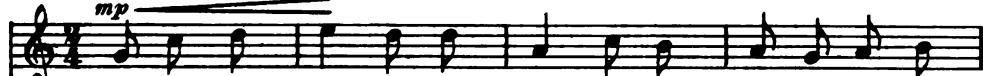
HOMER H. HARBOUR

Old French Song

Fast

*mp*

Voices



1. The swal-lows fly in the sky, When the sum-mer sun is  
1. Il court, il court, le fu - ret, Le fu - ret du bois, mes

Piano

*mp*

high; The swal-lows fly o'er the trees, Rac-ing chas-ing with the  
dam's; Il court, il court, le fu - ret, Le fu - ret du bois jo -

breeze. Swing-ing high and swing-ing low, In great cir-cles round they  
li. Il a pas-sé par i - ci; Le fu - ret du bois, mes

go: Swinging high and swing-ing low, In great cir - cles round they  
dams, Il a pas - sé par i - ci, Le fu - ret du bois ju -

go. The swal - lows fly in the sky, When the summer sun is  
li. Il court, il court, le fu - ret, le fu - ret du bois, mes

high; The swal-lows fly o'er the trees, Rac-ing, chas-ing with the breeze.  
dam's; Il court, il court, le fu - ret, le fu - ret du bois ju - li.

2

The swallows fly swift and high,  
Darting after moth or fly;  
The swallows fly here and there,  
Sailing, circling everywhere.  
Dropping down a drink to take,  
Ripples in the pond they make;  
The swallows fly swift and high,  
Darting after moth or fly;  
The swallows fly here and there,  
Sailing, circling everywhere.

# 85. The Old Folks at Home

Words adapted from  
STEPHEN FOSTER

STEPHEN FOSTER

In moderate time

Voices

1.Way down up - on the Swa-nie riv - er, Far, far a -  
 2. All 'round the lit - tle farm I wan-der'd When I was  
 3. One lit - tle hut a - mong the bush - es, One that I

The piano accompaniment consists of a steady bass line with occasional harmonic chords.

Piano

way, There's where my heart is turn - ing ev - er,  
 young, Then man - y hap - py days I squan - der'd,  
 love, Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush - es,

The piano accompaniment features a more melodic line with sustained notes and harmonic support.

*poco rit.*

*mp a tempo*

There's where the old folks stay.  
 Man - y the songs I sung.  
 No mat - ter where I rove.  
*poco rit.*

All up and down the  
 When I was play - ing  
 When shall I see the  
*a tempo*

The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic bass line and harmonic patterns.

whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,  
 with my broth - er, Hap - py was I,  
 bees a - hum-ming, All 'round the comb?

rit.

Still long-ing for the old plan-ta-tion, And for the old folks at home.  
 Oh, take me to my kind old moth - er, There let me live and die!  
 When shall I hear the ban - jo tum-ming, Down in my good old home?  
 rit.

*mf* *a tempo*

All the world is sad and drear-y, Ev -'ry-where I roam,  
*a tempo*

*mp* rit.

Oh, how my heart grows sad and wea - ry, Far from the old folks at home.  
 rit.

# 86. Oh, come, all ye faithful

**Adeste fideles**

Translated by  
F. OAKELEY

JOHN READING

With dignity

Voices

Oh, come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri -  
A - des - te, fi - de - les, Lae - ti tri - um -

Piano

um - phant, Oh, come ye, oh, come ye to  
phan - tes, Ve - ni - te, Ve - ni - te in

Beth - le - hem; Come and be - hold Him,  
Beth - le - hem; Na - tum vi - de - te

Na - tum vi - de - te

rit.

2  
Sing, choir of Angels,  
Sing in exultation,  
Sing, all ye citizens of Heaven above;  
Glory to God  
In the highest,  
Oh, come, let us adore him, etc.

3  
Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,  
Born this happy morning,  
Jesus, to Thee be glory given,  
Word of the Father,  
Now in flesh appearing,  
Oh, come, let us adore Him, etc.

2  
*Cantet nunc Iohannes*  
*Chorus Angelorum*  
*Cantet nunc aula coelestium*  
*Gloria in excelsis Deo*  
*Venite adoremus, etc.*

3  
*Ergo qui natus,*  
*Die hodierna,*  
*Iesus, tibi sit gloria,*  
*Patris aeterni*  
*Verbum caro factum.*  
*Venite adoremus, etc.*

# 87. The First Noel

Carol

Anonymous

With spirit

*mp*(Solo)

Voices

Traditional Melody

1. The first No - el the An - gel did say, Was to cer - tain poor shep - herds in  
2. They look - ed up and saw a star Shin - ing in - the East, be -

Piano

*mp*

fields as they lay; In fields where they lay keep-ing their sheep On a cold win-ter's night that  
yond them far, And to the earth it gave great light, And so it con-tin-ued both

*poco rit.*

(Chorus)

*a tempo*

*mf*

*rit.*

was so deep. No - el, No - el, No - el, No - el, Born is the king of Is - ra - el.  
day and night. No - el, No - el, No - el, No - el, rit.

*poco rit.*

*a tempo*

4

This Star drew nigh to the northwest,  
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,  
And there it did both stop and stay,  
Right over the place where Jesus lay.

3

And by the light of that same star,  
Three Wisemen came from country far,  
To seek for a King was their intent,  
And to follow the Star wherever it went.

5

Then entered in those Wisemen three,  
Fell reverently upon their knee,  
And offered there in his presence,  
Their gold, and myrrh, and frank incense.

6

Then let us all with one accord,  
Sing praises to our Heavenly Lord,  
That hath made Heav'n and Earth of nought,  
And with His blood mankind hath bought.

## 88. What Child is This?

93

Anonymous

Carol

Old English Melody

Slowly

Voices

1.What Child is this who, laid to rest,— On Ma - ry's lap is  
2. So bring Him in - cense, gold and myrrh,Come peas-ant, king to

Piano

sleep - ing? Whom an-gels greet with an-thems sweet,While shep-herds watch are  
own him; The King of Kings sal - va-tion brings;Let lov - ing hearts en -

keep-ing? This, this is Christ the King,Whom shep-herds guard, and an - gels sing:  
throne Him. Raise, raise the song on high; The Vir - gin sings her lul - la - by:

Haste, haste to bring him laud,— The Babe,\_the Son\_ of Ma - ry.  
Joy, joy, for Christ is born,— The Babe,\_the Son\_ of Ma - ry.  
poco rit.

## 89. Happy New Year!

Semons la salade

JOHN IRWIN

French Folk-song

With spirit

**Voices**

1. To all people in the world this day  
1. *Se-mons, se-mons la sa - la - de,* New Year's  
*Le jar -*

greet - ings we send on their way,  
*di - nier est ma - la - de,* New Year, New Year,  
*Se - mons, Se - mons,*

Wish you hap - py New Year! Here at home, or liv - ing far a - way.  
*Dans huit jours ell' pou - se - ra, Dans trois se-main's on la ver - ra.*

2

Sailors sailing in their ships at sea,  
Soldiers all wherever you may be,  
New Year, New Year,  
Wish you happy New Year!  
May your New Year very joyful be!

3

Miners digging underneath the ground,  
Workmen toiling where the wheels turn round,  
New Year, New Year,  
Wish you happy New Year!  
Ev'rybody, all the world around.

2

*Coupons, coupons la salade,*  
*Le jardinier est malade,*  
*Coupons, coupons,*  
*Filles et vaillants picards,*  
*Dans trois semain's il s'ra trop tard.*

3

*Mangeons, mangeons la salade,*  
*La jardinière est malade,*  
*Mangeons, mangeons,*  
*Et les grands et les petit*  
*Mangeons à notre appétit.*

✓ 90. St. Valentine's Day  
Le Roi d'Yvetot

95

RICHARD COMPTON

With spirit

French Folk-song

Voices

LA - mong the win - ter's hap - py days Comes  
I. II é - tait un roi d'Y - ve - lot Peu

Piano

*mp*

one in Feb - ru - a - ry, When old and young send val - en - tines To  
con - nu dans l'his - toi - re; Se le - vant tard, se con - chant tôt Dor -

make each oth - er. mer - ry; Tra la la la, Tra la la  
mant fort bien sans gloi - re, Et cou - ron - né pur Jean - ne -

la, Tra la la la la la la la la, Tra la la  
ton D'un sim - ple bon - net de co - ton, Dit - on. Oh! oh! oh!

la, Tra la la la, Tra la la la la la la la la la.  
oh! Ah! ah! ah! uh! Quel bon pe - tit roi c'é - tait là, la, la.

2

Shop windows full of valentines  
Look just like gardens growing,  
With white and red and pink and blue  
And gold and silver glowing.

Tra la la la, etc.

2

*Il faisait ses quatre répas  
Dans son palais de chaume,  
Et sur un âne, pas à pas,  
Parcourrait son royaume.  
Joyeux simple et croyant le bien  
Pour tout garde il n'avait rien  
Qu'un chien.  
Oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah!  
Quel bon petit roi c'était là,  
La, la.*

3

*Il n'avait de gout onéreux  
Qu'une soif un peu vive,  
Mais en rendant son peuple heureux  
Il faut bien qu'un roi vive.  
Lui-même, à table et sans suppôt,  
Sur chaque muid levait un pot  
D'impôt.  
Oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah!  
Quel bon petit roi c'était là,  
La, la.*

4

*Il n'aggrandit point ses Etats,  
Fut un voisin commode,  
Et, modèle des potentats,  
Prit le plaisir pour code.  
Ce n'est que lorsqu'il expira  
Que le peuple qui l'enterra  
Pleura.  
Oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah!  
Quel bon petit roi c'était là,  
La, la.*

5

*On conserve encor le portrait  
De ce digne et bon prince;  
C'est l'enseigne d'un cabaret  
Fameux dans la province.  
Les jours de fête, bien souvent,  
La foule s'écrie en buvant  
Devant:  
Oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah!  
Quel bon petit roi c'était là,  
La, la.*

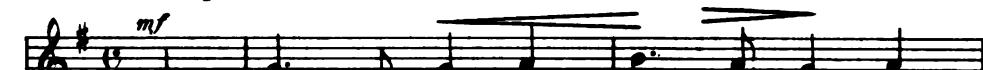
# 91. Evacuation Day

JOHN ERWIN

German Folk-song

With spirit

Voices



1. A song of Bos - ton sing to - day, In  
2. A king who lived a - cross the sea Once  
3. To Bos - ton from all na - tions thron The

Piano

*mf*

praise of our great cit - y; So beau - ti - ful up -  
ruled us with his sol - diers; But men of Bos - ton  
peo - ple who love free - dom; O no - ble cit - y,

*poco rit.*

on her hills, Be - side the blue wide - spread - ing bay.  
drove them out, And made our coun - try ev - er free.  
beau - ti - ful, Our home be - lov - ed, great and strong.  
*poco rit.*

# ✓ 92. On Easter Day

JOHN ERWIN

Old Melody

In moderate time

*mp*

**Voices**

1. On East - er Day, as I \_\_\_\_\_ was  
 2. And with the dis - tant church - bells'  
 3. I wish'd the song might last \_\_\_\_\_ for -

**Piano**

*mp*

*mp*

go - ing Thro' the woods, the winds\_ were blow - ing; Far a -  
 ring - ing Came the sound of chil - dren sing - ing, Sweet as  
 ev - er; Sweet - er mu - sic heard\_ I nev - er; Borne a -

*mp*

*mf poco rit.*

way - the church-bells rang: Ding - dong, cling - clang..  
 an - gels hears a - far: Al - le - lu - ia! \_\_  
 cross - the fields a - far: Al - le - lu - ia! \_\_

*poco rit.*

*mf*

## 93. April Vacation

JOHN ERWIN

English Melody

**Fast**

**Voices**

1. Va - ca-tion time has come with the warm spring days,  
2. Our pa-pers and our books we shall put a - way,

**Piano**

Sing with a Hol all to - geth - er! The fields are turn-ing green in the  
Sing with a Hol all to - geth - er! We'll have a jol - ly week full of

sun's warm rays, In the sweet April weather.  
fun and play, In the sweet April weather.

poco rit.

poco rit.

# 94. Memorial Day

RICHARD COMPTON

Bohemian Folk-song

**Slowly**

**Voices**

1. March - ing proud - ly,      March - ing proud - ly,  
 2. Star - ry ban - ner,      Star - ry ban - ner,  
 3. Ev - er bright - ly,      Ev - er bright - ly,

**Piano**

Went our sol - diers out to fight in bat - tle; Now they lie be -neath the  
 Proud - ly fly - ing o - ver all the cit - y; 'Twas for you men fought so  
 Let our flag wave o'er the sleep-ing sol - diers; Flag of our be -lov - ed

*p rit.*

flow - ers,      Now they lie be -neath the flow - ers.  
 brave - ly,      'Twas for you men fought so brave - ly.  
 coun - try,      Flag of our be -lov - ed coun - try.  
*rit.*

**Bass**

# 95. Our Country

HOMER H. HARBOUR

Old Song

In march time

**Voices**

1. From ev'-ry land and na - tion A - round this world so  
2. O dear and love-ly coun - try That spreads from sea to

**Piano**

wide, To our great coun - try men have come To work and strive, and  
sea, To you we pledge our hearts to - day, To you we pledge our

make a home, As broth-ers side by side, As broth-ers side by side.  
lives for aye; O na-tion of the free! O na-tion of the free!

*poco rit.*

## 96. All through the night

Anonymous

Welsh Air

Slowly

**Voices**

**p**

1. Sleep my child, and peace at-tend thee, All thro' the night;  
 2. Moth - er dear is close be-side thee, All thro' the night,

**Piano**

Guard - ian an - gels God will send thee, All thro' the night.  
 Watch - ing that no harm be-tide thee, All thro' the night;

Soft the drow - sy hours are creep-ing, Hill and vale in slum - ber steep-ing,  
 Thro' the o - pen win - dow stream-ing, Moon-light on the floor is glean-ing,

I my lov-ing watch am keep-ing, All thro' the night.  
 While my ba - by lies a-dream-ing, All thro' the night.

✓ 97. Slumber Song

JOHN ERWIN

Johannes Brahms

Slowly

**Voices**

1. Hush-a - by, and good - night, In the sky stars are  
2. Hush-a - by, have no fear; Lit-tle an-gels are

bright, While ros - es in bloom Fill with fra - grance the  
near; Their watch they will keep While my ba - by's a -

room. With the morn, if God will, You will wak - en a -  
sleep; Dream the dark night a - way Till God's sun brings the

gain; With the morn, if God will, You will wak - en a - gain.  
day; Dream the dark night a - way Till God's sun brings the day.

poco rit.

poco rit.

## 98. The Wild Rose

Anonymous

German Folk-song

In moderate time

*mp*

Voices

1. In the wood a boy one day Saw a wild rose  
 2. Said the boy, "I'll pluck thee now, Rose in for - est  
 3. Yet the wild boy pluck'd the rose, In the for - est

Piano

*mp*

grow - ing; There so fresh and bright it lay, He would bear the .  
 grow - ing." Said the rose, "I'll sting, I vow, Make thee think of .  
 grow - ing; From his hand the red blood flows, All his tears, full

*p*

\*prize a - way In its beau - ty glow - ing. Pret - ty, pret - ty,  
 me, I trow, When thy tears are flow - ing." Pret - ty, pret - ty,  
 well he knows, Can - not stay its flow - ing. Pret - ty, pret - ty,

*poco rit.*

red, red rose In the for - est grow - - ing.  
 red, red rose In the for - est grow - - ing.  
 red, red rose In the for - est grow - - ing.

*poco rit.*

# 99. The Merry Sportsman

Anonymous

German Folk-song

Fast

Voices



Piano



home a - gain, With dog and gun, But birds not one! With  
glades I — roam; My heart beats high when he is nigh, My

dog and gun, But birds not one! For no — sport, for  
heart beats high When he is nigh; To guard— me, to

no — sport, No sport he's had since day's — be - gun.  
guard— me, Or guide me on in safe - ty home.

*poco rit.**poco rit.*

*mf*

*f*

## 100. The Trolley Ride

HOMER H. HARBOUR

French Folk-song

With swinging rhythm

Voices



Piano

Come for a spin so jol - ly, Won - der - ful sights to see,—  
Men in the mead - ows mow - ing, Toss - ing the fra - grant hay,—

Church - es and stores and tow - ers, Gar - dens of love - ly flow'rs,—  
Clouds through the sky are chas - ing, Au - to - mo-biles a - rac - ing

Bridg - es and shin - ing sail - boats, Come for a ride with me!—  
Here is the o - pen trol - ley, Come let us ride a - way!—

*f poco rit.**poco rit.*

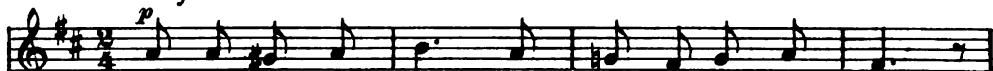
## 101. Autumn Song

JOHN IRWIN

Slowly

Bohemian Folk-song

Voices



Piano



Slow they flut - ter thro' the air, And sail - ing, spin - ning,  
 Some lie in the gut - ters wide And when it rains, sail  
 Some lie thro' long win - ter hours As cov - ers for the

sink - ing to the ground, Lie scat - ter'd ev - 'ry - where.  
 off like fair - y boats A - down the rush - ing tide.  
 sleep - ing lit - tle seeds Be - fore they wake to flowers.

*poco rit.*

# 102. A frog he would a-wooing go

✓ Anonymous

English Folk-song

With swinging rhythm

Voices

1. A frog he would a - woo - ing go,  
2. So off he set with his op - era hat,

Piano

Heigh - ho, says Ro - ley! — A frog he would a -  
Heigh - ho, says Ro - ley! — So off he set with his

woo - ing go, — Wheth - er his moth - er would  
op - era hat, And on his way — he

*mf*

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef and has lyrics: "let him or no. With a Ro - ley, Po - ley, met with a rat. With a Ro - ley, Po - ley," with dynamics *m* and *f*. The bottom staff uses a bass clef and has a continuous eighth-note pattern. The second staff begins with lyrics: "Gam-mon and Spin - ach, Heigh - ho, Says An - tho - ny Ro - ley. Gam-mon and Spin - ach, Heigh - ho, Says An - tho - ny Ro - ley." It includes a dynamic *poco rit.*

3

They rode till they came to Mousey Hall,  
Heigh-ho, says Roley.  
They rode till they came to Mousey Hall,  
And there they both did knock and call.  
With a Roley, Poley, etc.

4

"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"  
Heigh-ho, says Roley.  
"Pray, Mrs. Mouse, are you within?"  
"Oh, yes, sir, here I sit and spin."  
With a Roley, Poley, etc.

5

Then Mrs. Mouse, she did come down,  
Heigh-ho, says Roley.  
Then Mrs. Mouse, she did come down,  
All smartly dressed in a russet gown.  
With a Roley, Poley, etc.

6

She had not been sitting long to spin,  
Heigh-ho, says Roley.  
She had not been sitting long to spin,  
When the cat and the kittens came tumbling in. The Rat, the Mouse, and the little Froggy.  
With a Roley, Poley, etc.

7

The cat she seized Master Rat by the crown,  
Heigh-ho, says Roley.  
The cat she seized Master Rat by the crown,  
The kitten she pulled Miss Mousey down.  
With a Roley, Poley, etc.

8

This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright;  
Heigh-ho, says Roley.  
This put Mr. Frog in a terrible fright;  
He took up his hat and he wished them "Good-night."  
With a Roley, Poley, etc.

9

And as he was passing over the brook,  
Heigh-ho, says Roley.  
And as he was passing over the brook.  
A lily white duck came and gobbled him up.  
With a Roley, Poley, etc.

10

So there's an end of one, two, three,  
Heigh-ho, says Roley.  
So there's an end of one, two, three,  
With a Roley, Poley, etc.

## 103. A Sailing Song

HOMER H. HARBOUR

With swinging rhythm

German Folk-song

Voices

*mf*

1. The o - cean winds are blow-ing; The rap - id tide is flow-ing; Come  
2. The waves be fore us curl-ing Are soon be hind us whirl-ing; We

Piano

let us go— a - sail - ing— A - down the bay\_ so blue! A  
leave a white track foam ing\_ That soon fades out\_ of sight. A

der-ry down do, A der-ry down do, Be - hind us drops the shore; A  
der-ry down do, A der-ry down do, Be - hind us drops the shore; A

*poco rit.*

der-ry down do, A der-ry down do, The sea springs up\_ be - fore.—  
der-ry down do, A der-ry down do, The sea springs up\_ be - fore.—

*poco rit.*

## 104. Bobbie Shaftoe

HOMER H. HARBOUR

English Melody

Moderately fast

*mp*

Voices

1. Bob-bie Shaf-toe's one year old,— Bob-bie's eyes are bright as gold,—  
2. Bob-bie Shaf-toe's black and white; When it's dark his eyes are bright,

Piano

And his nose both pink and cold,— Lit - tle Bob - bie Shaf - toe!  
Like two lamps set in the night,— Pret - ty Bob - bie Shaf - toe!

*mp*

On the rug he loves to doze; Then he wakes and off he goes,  
Bob-bie's ver - y fond of fun; Round and round he'll frisk and run;

*poco rit.*

Step-ping on his cushion toes, Pret - ty Bob - bie Shaf - toe!  
Now I ask you, ev - 'ry - one, What is Bob - bie Shaf - toe?  
*poco rit.*

## 105. Moon Song

HOMER H. HARBOUR

Bohemian Folk-song

In moderate time

Voices      *p*      *mf*

1. Sil- ver moon sail - ing, Thro' the sky sail - ing, What do you  
 2. Cit-ies and tow - ers, Gar-dens of flow - ers, Turn'd in-to

Piano      *p*      *mf*

see when you look down be - low? Snow-cov-er'd moun-tains,  
 sil - ver be - neath your clear light; Ships on the o - cean,

*mp*

Pal - a - ces, foun-tains. Sil - ver moon sail - ing, Thro' the sky  
 Wind-mills in mo - tion, Cit - ies and tow - ers, Gar-dens of

*mp*

sail - ing, What do you see when you look down be - low?  
 flow - ers, Turn'd in-to sil - ver be - neath your clear light.  
*poco rit.*

# 106. Swing Song

HOMER H. HARBOUR

German Folk-song

With swinging rhythm

**Voices**

1. Oh, swing-ing and swing-ing be-neath our old tree, Oh,  
2. Oh, swing-ing and swing-ing, the leaves dance o'er - head; Oh,

swing-ing and swing-ing is gay sport for me; Then  
swing-ing and swing-ing o'er green grass out - spread; Then

swing me high And let me fly As high as can be; Oh,  
up a-gain, And up a-gain As high as can be; Oh,

poco rit.

swing-ing and swing-ing is gay sport for me.  
swing-ing and swing-ing is gay sport for me.

## 107. The Meeting of the Waters

THOMAS MOORE

Irish Air

Slowly

mp

Voices

1. There is not in the wide world a val - ley so sweet, As that  
2. Sweet vale of A - vo - cal how calm could I rest In thy

Piano

mp

vale in whose bo - som the bright wa-ters meet; Oh, the last rays of feel-ing and  
bos-om of shade, with the friends I love best; Where the storms that we feel in this

life must de - part, Ere the bloom of that val - ley shall  
cold world should cease, And our hearts, like thy wa - ters, be

rit.

fade from my heart, Ere the bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart!  
min-gled in peace, And our hearts, like thy wa - ters, be min-gled in peace.

rit.

# 108. Song of the Sea-gull

HOMER H. HARBOUR

Irish Air

Slowly

*mp*

Voices

1. All day long o'er the ocean I fly, My  
2. All night long in my rock home I rest; A -

*mp*

Piano

white wings beat-ing fast through the sky; I hunt fish - es  
way up on a cliff is my nest; The waves mur - mur,

*poco rit.*

all down the bay, And ride on rock-ing bil-lows in play.  
mur-mur be-low, And winds fresh from the sea o'er me blow.

*poco rit.*

## 109. The Elves' Dance

HOMER H. HARBOUR

Fast

Portuguese Folk-song

Voices

1. Oh, as I was out a - walk-ing in the wood one night in  
 2. They were fun-ny lit - tle fel-lows with long beards as white as  
 3. All at once I stepp'd up - on a twig that crack-led where I

Piano

June, I came out up - on an o - pen place dim light-ed by the  
 snow, And each wore a scar - let, point-ed cap with tink-ling bells be -  
 stood; Like a flash the troop of ti - ny men slipp'd off in - to the

moon; And with - in the mist - y cir - cle was a troop of lit - tle  
 low; To the mu - sic made by ka - ty - dids and crick - ets in the  
 wood; And as far and far - ther yet they went I heard the mu - sic

men, Danc-ing ring - a - round, and ring - a - round, and ring - a - round a - gain.  
 night They were ca - per - ing and scamp - er - ing and pranc - ing with de - light.  
 fade, Dy - ing air - i - ly and fair - i - ly to si - lence in the glade.

*poco rit.**poco rit.*

# 110. A Song for Sailors and Soldiers <sup>117</sup>

JOHN ERWIN

English Folk-song

With spirit

*mf* — *f* — *mf*

Voices

1. Give three long cheers for sailors on the sea, — Give  
 2. Give three long cheers for soldiers marching by, — Give

Piano

*mf* — *mf*

three long, loud cheers, loud as loud can be! — Thro'  
 three long, loud cheers, wave your flags on high! — By—

wind and tide Their ships they guide To guard our shores from dan - ger; Brave  
 day or night They march and fight To save our homes from dan - ger; Brave

*poco rit.*

boys in blue, — we trust our lives to you.—  
 boys in brown, — who guard old Bos - ton town.—

The musical score consists of four systems of music. The first system shows the vocal line starting with 'Give three long cheers' and the piano accompaniment. The second system continues with 'three long, loud cheers'. The third system features lyrics about wind and tide and day or night. The fourth system concludes with 'boys in blue' and ends with a 'poco rit.' instruction. The score uses a treble clef for both parts, with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and common time (indicated by '8'). Dynamics like 'mf', 'f', and 'mf' are used throughout. The piano part includes bass and treble staves.

# 111. My Garden of Flowers

HOMER H. HARBOUR

English Folk-song

In moderate time

*Voices*

*mp*

1. My gar - den I did plant      In the first warm days of —  
 2. In A - pril daf - fo - dils      O-pend' wide their yel - low

*Piano*

*mp*

spring - time, I tend - ed and wa - ter'd and weed-ed it so well, While the  
 flow - ers, While snow-drops and vio - lets, and dan-de-li-ons too, Blos-soms

poco rit.

blue-birds a-bove did sing,      While the blue - birds a-bove did sing.  
 bright 'neath the sun and show'rs,      Blos-som'd bright 'neath the sun and show'rs.  
 poco rit.

3

In May the tulips blazed  
 Golden yellow, white and crimson;  
 And lilacs their clusters of lavender hung out,  
 With their perfume of rare delight,  
 With their perfume of rare delight.

4

But June the fairest flow'r  
 Of the summer sent to greet me,  
 For then in my garden the red,red roses bloomed,  
 The red rose that is queen of all,  
 The red rose that is queen of all.

# 112. Sunset in the City

RICHARD COMPTON

English Folk-song

In moderate time

*mp*

Voices

1. The sun in the sky sink-ing down to his rest Is  
 2. The cross-es of church-es a - loft in the sky Are  
 3. And now he has tak-en his last gleam a - way To

Piano

*mp*

bid-ding the cit - y good - night; He looks from his win-dow of  
 glit-ter - ing bright in his rays, On win-dows in tow-ers and  
 coun-tries and cit - ies a - far; But o - ver the steep-le where

*mf*

clouds in the west, And floods all the hous - es with light, with light,  
 of - fi - ces high, He shines till they seem all a - blaze, a - blaze,-  
 shone his last ray, There hangs in the sky a bright star, a star,-

*poco rit.*

— And — floods all the hous - es with light.  
 — He — shines till they seem all a - blaze.  
 — There hangs in the sky a bright star.

*poco rit.*

# 113. Morning

## Tremp' ton pain, Marie

Anonymous

French Folk-song

With swinging rhythm

**Voices**

1. Eat your bread, Ma - ry, Eat your 'bread, Ma - ry,  
2. Take your spell - ing book, Take your spell - ing book,  
    *Tremp' ton pain, Ma - rie,*      *Tremp' ton pain, Ma - rie,*

**Piano**

Eat your bread and but - ter; Drink your milk, Ma - ry,  
Take your pen and pen - cil; Take your read - ing book,  
    *Tremp' ton pain dans la suu - ce,*      *Tremp' ton pain, Ma - rie,*

Drink your milk, Ma - ry, Now your break - fast is done.  
Take your read - ing book, Now go hur - ry - ing fast!  
    *Tremp' ton pain, Ma - rie,*      *Tremp' ton pain dans le vin.*

Don't be wait - ing here,—  
Don't you stop to play,—  
Nous i - rons di - man - che  
School-time's get - ting  
Keep right on your  
A la mai - son

near;— way!— You'll be late, Ma - ry, If you wait, Ma - ry,  
Down the street she goes, Up the steps she goes,  
Toi - z'en Nan - kin, Moi - s'en ba - zin, Tous  
blan - che,

Take your books and run!  
Safe in school at last.  
deux en es - car - - pins.

## 114. The harp that once thro' Tara's Halls

THOMAS MOORE

Slowly.

Irish Air

Voices

*mp*

1. The harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic shed, Now  
 2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra swells; The

Piano

*mp*

hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were fled. So  
 chord a - lone that breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells. Thus

sleeps the pride of for-mer days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er; And  
 Free - dom now so sel-dom wakes, The on - ly throb she gives Is

hearts that once beat high for praise Now feel that pulse no more.  
 when some heart in - dig-nant breaks, To show that still she lives.

*poco rit.**poco rit.*

# 115. Caterpillar! Caterpillar!

HOMER H. HARBOUR

Russian Folk-song

Fast

*mp*

Voices



1. Cat - er-pil-lar! Cat - er-pil-lar! You are such a pret-ty sight.  
 2. Cat - er-pil-lar! Cat - er-pil-lar! Keep a-way from phoe-be birds;  
 3. Cat - er-pil-lar! Cat - er-pil-lar! Creep a-way and hide you soon;

Piano

*mp*

Cat - er-pil-lar! Cat - er-pil-lar! Blue and yel-low, black and white.  
 Cat - er-pil-lar! Cat - er-pil-lar! Keep a-way from this-tle birds!  
 Cat - er-pil-lar! Cat - er-pil-lar! Spin your-self a gay co-coon.



Take care what you do, Rob - ins are a - hunt - ing you;  
 Look out what you do, Swal-lows are a - hunt - ing you;  
 Dark and si - lent lie, Till you are a but - ter - fly;

*poco rit.*

Take care what you do, Spar - rows are a - chas - ing you!  
 Look out what you do, Finch - es are a - chas - ing you!  
 Dark and si - silent lie, Till you are a but - ter - fly.  
*poco rit.*



## 116. Loch Lomond

Anonymous

Scotch Melody

Slowly

Voices

*mp*

1. By yon bon-nie banks and yon bon-nie braes, Where the yon shad-y glen; On the wild flow-ers spring; And in  
 2. I mind where we part-ed in  
 3. The wee bird-ies sing and the

Piano

*mp*

sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mond; Oh, we two have pass'd so  
 steep, steep side of Ben Lo - mond, Where in pur - ple hue the  
 sun-shine the wa - ters are sleep - ing, But the brok - en heart it

ma - ny blithe-some days, On the bon - nie, bon-nie, banks of Loch Lo - mond.  
 High - land hills we view, And the morn shines out from the gloam - ing. Oh,  
 seeks no sec - ond spring, And the world does not know how we are greet - ing.

*poco rit.*

*a tempo*

you'll take the high road, and I'll take the low road. And

*a tempo*

I'll be in Scot-land be - fore you; But I and my true love will

*poco rit.*

nev-er meet a-gain, On the bon-nie, bon-nie banks of Loch Lo - mond.

*poco rit.*

# 117. A Song of Ships

HOMER H. HARBOUR

English Melody

With swinging rhythm

**Voices**

1. The ships sail the o - cean, The o - cean, the o - cean, Sail  
2. With grain-ships and fruit-ships Are coal-ships and oil - ships, And

**Piano**

east - ward and west - ward, And north and south a - way.  
white wing - ed schoon - ers That fly be - fore the breeze.

Great smok - y steam - ers, And tug - boats with barg - es,  
Some car - ry su - gar, And some car - ry spic - es;

Sail o'er the ocean By night and by day. From  
Some car - ry sol - diers To fight over - seas. To

Eng - land, from Ire - land, From Den - mark, from Nor - way,  
Eng - land, to Ire - land, To Den - mark, to Nor - way.

*poco rit.*

Ships sail to Bos - ton From lands far a - way.  
Ships sail from Bos - ton to lands o - ver - seas.  
*poco rit.*

## 118. The Lorelei

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

FRIEDRICH SILCHER

Slowly

**Voices**

1. I knew not what means the sad feel - ing That  
2. From yon - der peak there gaz - es A  
3. The fish - er-man dream - i - ly glid - ing Is

**Piano**

swells with - in my breast; An  
maid en sweet and fair; Her  
caught by the lure of love; He

an - cient leg - end ap - peal - ing Dis -  
jew - eld rai - ment blaz - es; She  
sees not the sharp rocks hid - ing, He

turbs and gives me no rest. — The  
 combs her gold-en hair; — She  
 sees but the heights far a-bove. — The

air is cool; day is end - ed, And  
 combs with a comb bright and gold - en And  
 boat by the bil-lows is brok - en And the

calm-ly flows the Rhine; — The moun-tain tops ris-ing  
 sings a thrill-ing lay — A song that is wild and  
 gal-lant boat-man is drown'd, — And his is the Witch-maid-en's

rit.

splen-did In twi-light glo-ry shine. —  
 old-en To charm a man's heart a-way. —  
 to-ken When her songs at eve-ning sound . —

## 119. The Country Farmer's Son

Anonymous

In march time

English Folk-song

Voices

*mf*

1. I would not be a mon-arch great, With crown up-on my head, And  
2. I would not be a mer-chant rich, And eat off sil-ver plate, And

Piano

earls to wait up - on my state, In splen-did robes of red. For  
ev - er dread, when laid a - bed, Some sud - den turn of fate: One

he must bear full ma - ny a care, His toil is nev - er done; 'Tis bet - ter I trow be -  
day on high, then ru - in nigh, Now wealth - y, now un - done; 'Tis bet - ter for me at -

*poco rit.*

hind the plow, 'Tis bet - ter I trow be - hind the plow, A coun - try farm - er's son.  
ease to be, 'Tis bet - ter for me at ease to be A coun - try farm - er's son.

*poco rit.*

## 120. The Sleigh-Ride

HOMER H. HARBOUR

Canadian Folk-song

Briskly

**Voices**

1. Ting-a-ling-a - ling go the sleigh-bells sweet, Ting-a-ling-a -  
 2. Ting-a-ling-a - ling as we glide a - long, Ting-a-ling-a -  
 3. Ting-a-ling-a - ling by the fro - zen lake, Ting-a-ling-a -

ling in the snow - y street; Here comes a sleigh to take us  
 ling is the sleigh-bells' song; See how the hors - es pull to -  
 ling what a noise we make! All af - ter - noon our bells are

rid - ing, Mer-ri - ly a - long on its run-ners glid - ing; Stops for a  
 geth - er, Gal-lop-ing a - long in the frost - y weath - er; Trot! go the  
 tink-ling, With a mer - ry tune till the stars are twink-ling; Back to the

mo - ment in the snow, Tum - ble - um - ble in, and then a - way we go!  
 hoofs with cheer - y sound, Clat - ter, clat - ter, clat - ter, o'er the fro - zen ground.  
 cit - y turn we fast; Ting-a-ling-a - ling, and now we're home at last!

## 121. The Light-house

JOHN ERWIN

English Folk-song

In moderate time

*mp.*

Voices



Piano

*mp.*

slen - der white tow - er built high in the air; On the  
 all the blue o - cean is turn - ing to gray, At the  
 spark-ling a - cross the dark waves like a star; Then they

rocks all a - round it where white surg - es foam, The wild  
 top of this tow - er there shines a great light To send  
 know well where dan-ger - ous rocks lie be - low, And all

*poco rit.*

sea - birds by thou - sands have found them a home.  
 warn - ing to sail - ors who jour - ney by night.  
 safe on their way o'er the o - cean they go.  
*poco rit.*

# 122. On a Summer Day

## En passant par la Lorraine

133

HOMER H. HARBOUR

With spirit

French Folk-song

**Voices**

**Piano**

1. Oh, as I went down to Dover, On a sum-mer day;— Oh, as I went down to  
1. En pas-sant par la Lor-rai-ne, A-vec mes sa-bots,— En pas-sant par la Lor-

Dover, On a sum-mer day;— All the air was sweet with clo-ver, Where the  
rat-ne A-vec mes sa-bots,— Ren-con-trai trois ca-pi-tai-nes, A-vec

farm-er boys were mow-ing in the hay,— On a sum-mer day.  
mes sa-bots don-dai-ne, oh! oh! oh!— A-vec mes sa-bots.

*poco rit.*

2

||: All the air was sweet with clover,  
On a summer day; :||  
And the sky was blue all over,  
Not a single cloud was sailing,  
Far away, on a summer day.

3

||: Oh, the sky was blue all over,  
On a summer day; :||  
And at last I came to Dover  
Where the merry bells were ringing  
Blithe and gay, on a summer day.

||: Ils m'ont appellée vilaine,  
Avec mes sabots, :||  
Je ne suis pas si vilaine  
Avec mes sabots dondaine,  
Oh! oh! oh! Avec mes sabots!

3

||: Car le prince de Lorraine,  
Avec mes sabots, :||  
M'u donné pour mes étrennes  
Avec mes sabots dondaine,  
Oh! oh! oh! Avec mes sabots!

4

||: Un bouquet de marjolaine,  
Avec mes sabots, :||  
S'il m'épous' je serai Reine  
Avec mes sabots dondaine,  
Oh! oh! oh! Avec mes sabots!

## 123. Shining Wires

HOMER H. HARBOUR

German Folk-song

Slowly

*mp*

Voices

1.Sil - ver wires, high a - bove us, Stretch-ing so  
2.Voic - es run swift as light - ning O - ver the

Piano

*mp*

far a - way, Are the roads where our voic - es  
miles of wire, Far a - cross plain and moun - tain,

Jour - ney by night and day, Wher - ev - er we may  
Rac - ing with feet. of fire To take our friends a

*poco rit.*

send them, Trav - el - ling on their way.  
mes - sage O - ver the sil - ver wire.  
*poco rit.*

# 124. Home, Sweet Home

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

HENRY BISHOP

In moderate time

**Voices**

1. Mid- pleas - ures and pal - a - ces though we may  
2. I gaze on the moon as I tread the dear  
3. An ex - ile from home, splen-dor daz - zles in

roam, Be it ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like  
wild, And feel that my moth - er now thinks of her  
vain; Oh, give me my low - ly thatch'd cot - tage a -

home. A charm from the skies seems to  
child, As she looks on that moon from our  
gain; The birds sing - ing gai - ly, that

*mf*

hal - low us there, Which seek — thro' the  
 own cot - tage door, Thro' the wood - bine whose  
 came at my call, Give me them, — and that

*poco rit.*

world, is ne'er met — with else - where.  
 fra - grance shall cheer — me no more.  
 peace of mind, dear — er than all.

*poco rit.*

*mf a tempo*

Home, — home, — sweet, sweet, home; { Be it  
 There's There's

*a tempo*

*rit.*

ev - er so hum - ble, There's no place like home.  
 no place like home, Oh, there's no place like home.  
 no place like home, Oh, there's no place like home.

*rit.*

# 125. Auld Lang Syne

ROBERT BURNS

Scotch Air

Slowly

*mp*

Voices

1. Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And nev-er brought to  
 2. And here's a hand my trust-y friend, And give us a hand of

*mp*

Piano

*poco rit.*

mind? Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And days of auld lang  
 thine; We'll take a cup of kind-ness yet, For auld lang  
*poco rit.*

*mf*

*mf a tempo*

syne? For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang  
 syne.

*a tempo*

*mf*

*f*

syne, We'll take a cup of kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.  
*rit.*

*f*

# 126. My Old Kentucky Home

Words adapted from  
STEPHEN FOSTER

STEPHEN FOSTER

In moderate time

*mp*

**Voices**

1.The sun shines bright in my old Ken-tuck - y home, 'Tis  
 2.They hunt no more for the pos - sum and the coon, On the

*mp*

**Piano**

*mp*

sum-mer, the fields are gay; The corn-top's ripe and the  
 mead-ow, the hill, and the shore; They sing no more by the

*mp*

mead-ow's in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the day. The  
 glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in door. The

*mp*

young folks roll on the lit - tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, and hap-py and  
 day goes by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With sor-row where all was de-

*mf*

*mf*

*mp*

bright; By'm - bye hard times come a - knock-ing at the door, Then my  
light; The time has come when faith-ful friends must part, Then my

*poco rit.*

old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night! Weep no more my  
*poco rit.* *a tempo*

*mp*

la-dy,— Oh, weep no more to - day; We will sing one song for the  
*mf*

*rit.*

old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Ken-tuck-y home far a - way.  
*rit.*

## 127. Morning Song

**Anonymous**

## English Folk-song

**Slowly**

Voices

Thou, true God a - lone, Who dost reign a - bove us,

## Piano

this morn - ing prayer Which be - gins our day.

Thou, up - on Thy throne, Thou dost ev - er love \_ us,

We are in Thy care;— Bless us, we pray.

rit.

# 128. In Heavenly Love Abiding

ANNA L. WARING

HANS LEO von HASSLER

With dignity

*mp*

*Voices*

1. In Heav'ly Love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear;  
And safe is such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing chang-es here.

*Piano*

*mf*

The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be

*rit.*

laid, But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?

*rit.*

2

Wherever He may guide me,  
No want shall turn me back;  
My Shepherd is beside me,  
And nothing can I lack.  
His wisdom ever waketh,  
His sight is never dim,  
He knows the way He taketh,  
And I will walk with Him.

3

Green pastures are before me,  
Which yet I have not seen;  
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,  
Where darkest clouds have been.  
My hope I cannot measure,  
My path to life is free,  
My Savior has my treasure,  
And He will walk with me.

# 129. Good King Wenceslas

Anonymous

Traditional Melody

With spirit

**Voices**

Chorus 1. Good King Wen - ces - - las look'd out  
Solo (King) 2. "Hith - er, page, and stand by me,

**Piano**

On the feast of Ste - phen, Where the snow lay  
If thou know'st it tell - ing, Yon - der peas - ant,

round a - bout, Deep and crisp and e - ven;  
who is he, Where and what his dwell - ing?"

Bright-ly shone the moon that night, Though the frost was  
Solo (*Page*) "Sire, he lives a good league hence, Un - der - neath the

cru - el, When a poor man came in sight,  
moun - tain, Right a - gainst the for - est fence,

*poco rit.*

Gath - 'ring win - ter fu - - el.  
By Saint Ag - nes' foun - - tain!"

3

4

Solo (*King*): "Bring me flesh, and bring me wine, Solo (*Page*): "Sire, the night is darker now,

Bring me pine logs hither;

And the wind blows stronger;

Thou and I will see him dine,

Fails my heart, I know not how,

When we bear them thither!"

I can go no longer."

Chorus: Page and Monarch forth they went, Solo (*King*): "Mark my footsteps, my good page,  
Forth they went together; Tread thou in them boldly;  
Through the rude wind's wild lament, Thou shalt find the winter's rage  
And the bitter weather. Freeze thy blood less coldly!"

5

Chorus: In his master's steps he trod,

Where the snow lay dinted;

Heat was in the very sod

Which the saint has printed.

Therefore, Christian men, be sure,

Wealth or rank possessing,

Ye who now will bless the poor,

Shall yourselves find blessing.

144 130. Bring a Torch, Jeannette, Isabella

Carol

E. CUTHBERT NUNN

In moderate time

Old French Carol

Voices      *mf*

Piano      *mf*

1. Bring a torch, Jean-nette, Is-a-bel-lal! Bring a torch, to the  
 2. It is wrong when the Child is sleep-ing, It is wrong— to  
 3. Soft-ly to—the lit-tle sta-ble, Soft-ly for—a

*mp*

cra-dle run! It is Je-sus, good folk of the vil-lage; Christ is  
 talk so loud; Si-lence, all, as you gath-er a-round, Lest your  
 mo-ment come; Look and see how charm-ing is Je-sus, How he is

*pp*

born and Ma-ry's call-ing: Ah! ah! beau-ti-ful is the  
 noise should wak-en Je-sus: Hush! hush! see— how fast he  
 white, His cheeks are ro-sy! Hush! hush! see how the Child is

*p*

*rit.*

moth-er! Ah! ah! beau-ti-ful is her Son!—  
 slum-bers; Hush! hush! see— how fast He sleeps!—  
 sleep-ing; Hush! hush! see how He smiles in dreams.—

# 131. Hark! the Summons

145

Traditional Words

Old Welsh Melody

With spirit

**Voices**

*mf*

1. Hark! the sum-mons, come my fel - lows,  
 2. Toil and trou - ble lie be-hind us, Fa la la la la la la la.  
 3. Quick, join hands, and foot it neat - ly,

**Piano**

*mf*

Crown your hats with hol - ly—ber - ry.  
 Think no more of chanc-es drear-y, Fa la la la la la la la.  
 In the dance we ne'er can wear - y,

*mf*

Hark! the peal-ing bells that tell us,  
 While the well-known strains re-mind us, Fa la la la la la la la.  
 To the harp that sounds so sweet-ly,

*poco rit.*

'Tis the eve of New Year mer - ry,  
 'Tis the eve of New Year mer - ry, Fa la la la la la la la.  
 On the eve of New Year mer - ry,

*poco rit.*

# 132. New Year's Day

HOMER H. HARBOUR

French Folk-song

Moderately fast

**Voices.**

1. When winter winds are blow-ing, And nights are long and  
2. What will the New Year bring us, Be-fore he too is  
3. The New Year will bring sun-shine, The New Year will bring

**Piano**

cold;— The bells ring in the New Year, The bells ring out the dead?— The New Year will bring show-ers, And dew and ros-es rain;— And or-chards white with blos-soms, And fields of gold-en

Old.— Wel-come, Hap-py New Year, Born in win-ter cold!—  
red;— Peach-es, plums and cher-ries, Sing-ing birds o'er-head.—  
grain.— Last of all his pres-ents, Christ-mas bells a-gain.—

# 133. Valentines

HOMER H. HARBOUR

Old English Melody

In moderate time

*mp*

Voices

1. In the dark of the win - ter when cold winds do  
2. There are hearts, and gay rib - bons and birds on the

*mp*

Piano

blow, Saint Val - en - tine's Day comes like - flow'r's in the  
wing, Gilt, lace, and red ros - es, with ev - 'ry fine

*poco rit.*

snow; Bring-ing thoughts of our dear ones whose love we re -  
thing; But the love\_ in our hearts send - ing gifts on their

*poco rit.*

new, By send-ing them greet-ings of friend-ship still true.  
way, Is best of all blessings on Val - en - tine's Day.

## 134. Washington's Birthday

HOMER H. HARBOUR

French Folk-song

With dignity

Voices



Piano



lead - er of our Ar - mies in the long, long, years a - go, When they  
birth - day of a he - ro we are sing-ing now this song To the

wan - der'd, cold and bare - foot, in the cru - el win - ter snow.  
Fa - ther of our coun - try, Who was no - ble, great and strong.

*poco rit.**poco rit.*

# 135. For Patriots' Day

JOHN ERWIN

Dutch Folk-song

In march time

**Voices**

1. In Con-cord and in Lex-ing-ton The bells rang out one night, "Be-  
 2. In Con-cord and in Lex-ing-ton Be - fore the sun did rise, The  
 3. In Con-cord and in Lex-ing-ton Be - fore the sun had set, They

ware the red-coats! On they come, March-ing a-long with a muf - fled drum!" In  
 Min - ute-men stood firm and strong, Wait - ing the foe as he rode a - long, In  
 chas'd the sol-diers of the crown Back o'er the road in - to Bos - ton town, In

Con-cord and in Lex - ing-ton The bells rang out one night.  
 Con-cord and in Lex - ing-ton Be - fore the sun did rise.  
 Con-cord and in Lex - ing-ton Be - fore the sun had set.

## 136. In Memoriam

HOMER H. HARBOUR

Bohemian Folk-song

Slowly

**Voices**

*mp*

1. Flow'r's from the shad - y green - wood dell, —  
 2. Bear thro' the street with hon - or due, —  
 3. Pass not a sin - gle sol - dier's grave; —

**Piano**

*mp*

Flow'r's from the sun - ny hill-side swell — Scat - ter where lie sleep - ing  
 Torn bat - tle flags that once were new; — Set the col - ors fly - ing  
 Think of the no - ble gift they gave; — Death's grim ter - ror dar - ing,

*poco rit.*

Their last vig - il keep-ing, Sol - diers who loved their coun - try well. —  
 O'er each sol - dier ly - ing, Sol - diers who were so brave and true. —  
 Their heart's blood not spar-ing, Sol - diers who died this land to save. —

*poco rit.*

## 137. Columbus Day

JOHN ERWIN

Italian Melody

With swinging rhythm

*mp*

Voices

1. O - ver the o - cean Co - lum - bus came, With three lit - tle ships a -  
 2. Sing in his hon - or a song to-day, The ad - mi - ral bold and

*mp*

Piano

sail - ing; — A - way from a town on the coast of Spain, With cour-age and hope un -  
 dar - ing — Who, day af - ter day with no sight of land, Thro' per - ilous seas came

*mf*

failing. — To seek a dis - tant gold - en shore He dared the seas un -  
 far - ing. — This might - y wes - tern land he found, And proved to men the

*poco rit.*

known be - fore; And ev - er he pi - lot - ed west - ward Three lit - tle ships a - sail - ing. —  
 world is round. All hon - or to gal - lant Co - lum - bus, Ad - mir - al bold and dar - ing. —

## 138. Thanksgiving Day

HOMER H. HARBOUR

French Folk-song

With spirit

*MV*

Voices

1. Oh, Thanks - giv - ing morn - ing is a time of  
 2. In the af - ter - noon it's time at last to  
 3. On Thanks - giv - ing night, when dark the shad - ows

Piano

*MV*

glee, With our kit - chen bus - y as a place can  
 eat Of a din - ner splen - did as a king might  
 fall, A great fire is light - ed in the fire - place

*f. poco rit.*

be; When the mince - pies are a - bak - ing, And the  
 greet; There's a tur - key full of spic - es, There are  
 tall; When the ap - ples are a - roast - ing, And the

pud - dings are a - mak - ing; That's the time for me.  
 pud - dings, there are i - ces, Cake and can - dies sweet.  
 chest - nuts are a - toast - ing, That is best of all.

*poco rit.*

*f*

## 139. Christmas Eve

CORDELIA BROOKS FENNO

English Folk-song

In moderate time

*mp*

Voices

1. On the ground the snow-flakes glis - ten, This is the  
 2. In the sky the stars are gleam - ing, Stars of a

Piano

*mp*

Eve of Christ - mas; Bells are chim-ing as we lis - ten,  
 hap - py Yule - tide; See how bright their rays are beam - ing,

*mf*

This is the Eve of Christ - mas; The i - ci-cles hang a -  
 Light of a hap - py Yule - tide. So hang up your stock-ings,

*rit.*

bove our heads, And this is the Eve of Christ - mas.  
 great and small, For this is the Eve of Yule - tide.

*rit.*

## 140. Christmas Day

RICHARD COMPTON

German Folk-song

Briskly  
*mf*

**Voices**

1. Oh, Christmas is com-ing, oh, Christmas is near, The  
2. The night before Christmas is won-der-ful fun, Tho'

Piano

day we love best of all days in the year; And good Santa Claus must be  
of-ten it seems it will nev-er be done. We sleep not a mo-ment, tho'

now on his way, With pres-ents for chil-dren heap'd high on his sleigh.  
hard we may try And with the first dawn "Mer-ry Christ-mas!" we cry.

*poco rit.*

*f*

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